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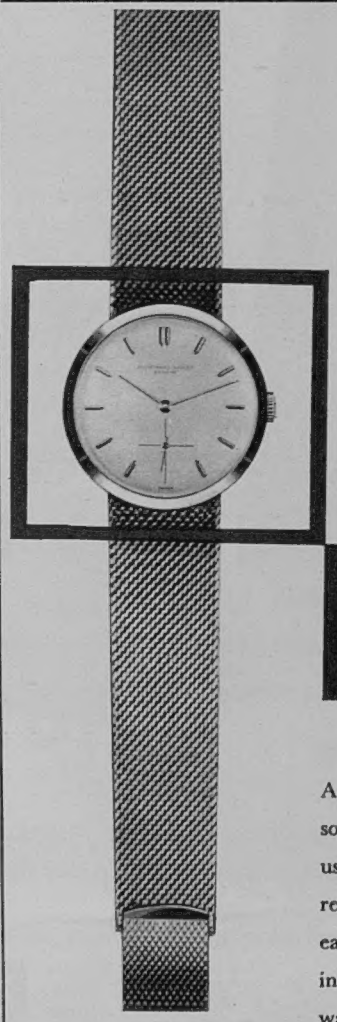

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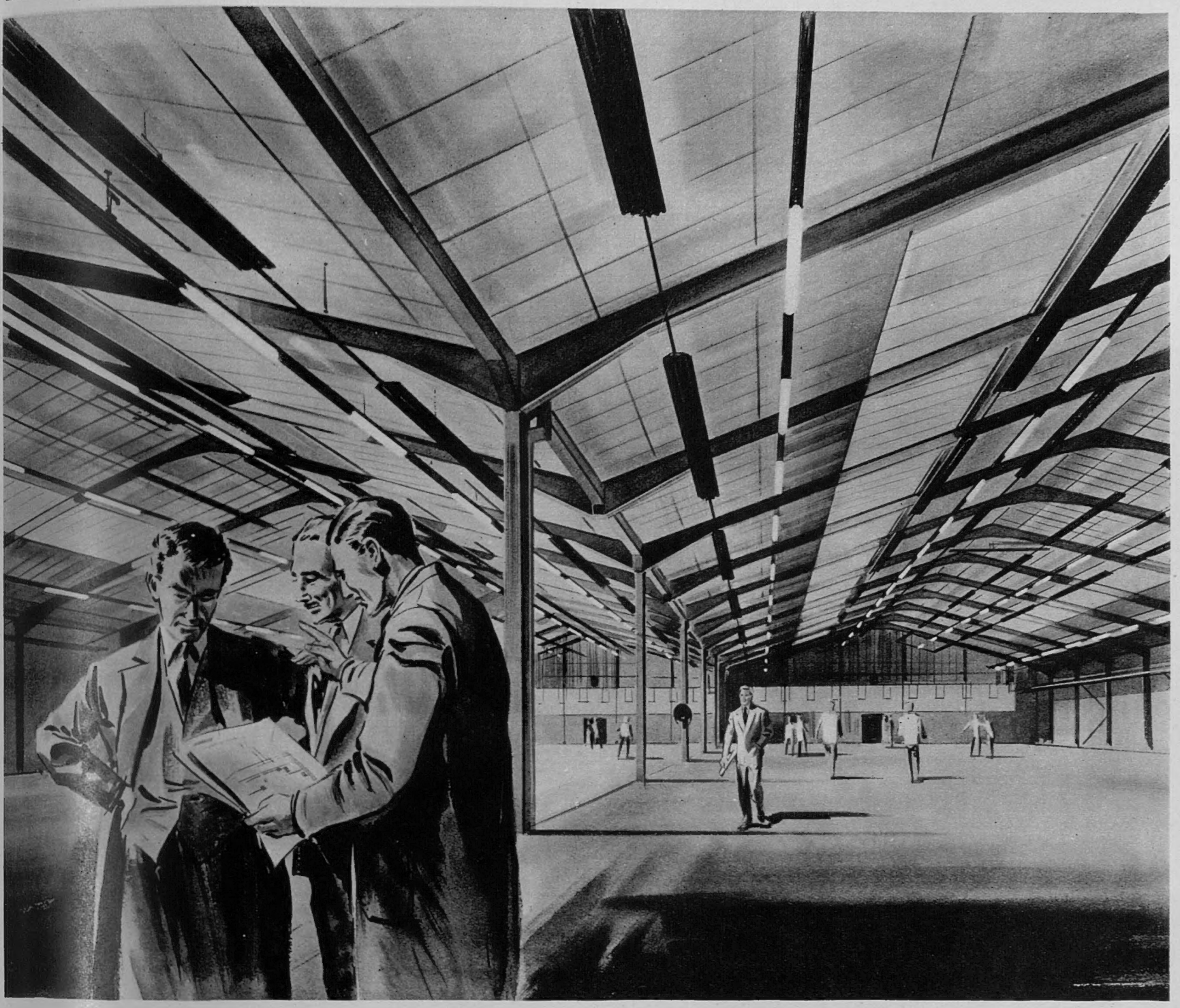

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Volume CCXLI No. 3129

THE SPHERE

London, May 21, 1960

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LOOKING AT THE SUMMIT

From his arduous labours in the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, Mr. Macmillan has had to climb, without respite, to the Summit. When the Western leaders and Mr. Khrushchev met in Paris at the beginning of this week, the world recognised that the British Prime Minister's tact and diplomacy might have to be brought into play to smooth ruffled feelings between America and Russia because of the U.2 episode. In outlining his views on the Summit to Parliament three days before he left for the Conference, Mr. Macmillan made only an oblique reference to the incident. He said espionage was not the cause but the effect of suspicion and tension. Regarding Summit procedure, he stated it had been agreed the meetings should be small and private. He hoped they would avoid the highly publicised mass gatherings of the Geneva Summit in 1955. He felt that the 1960 Summit should not be one single meeting, but a series from which progress might be made. Before Mr. Macmillan spoke, Mr. Healey, for the Opposition, wished him "God speed on his journey," a sentiment which was fully endorsed by Government supporters

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NEWS SUMMARY

Background to the Summit; Labour Party Difficulties; Senator Kennedy and the Primaries; Trouble Spots in the Far East

INTERNATIONAL

The Summit Conference in **Paris** is the second of such meetings between the leaders of Britain, America, France and Russia. The first Summit, at Geneva in 1955, achieved nothing of lasting value. In the summer of 1958 there was almost another Summit. Britain and America had sent troops into Jordan and Lebanon, at the request of the Governments of the two countries, after the Kassem revolution in Iraq. It was agreed by the Big Four that a Summit should be held within the framework of the Security Council. At the last minute Mr. Khrushchev backed out. It was believed he had been virtually ordered to do this by China.

The origins of this week's meetings in Paris go back to November 1958. On the 17th of that month Mr. Khrushchev delivered an ultimatum to the West. The Soviet Prime Minister demanded that West Berlin should become a " free city " within six months (this would have meant withdrawal of Western forces) or else, he declared, Russia would make a treaty of her own with East Germany. (This would have raised, among other questions for the West, the problem of recognition of East Germany.) The West stood firm against Mr. Khrushchev, but in Britain, at any rate, it was realised that the time was coming when another effort should be made to solve the Berlin and other questions at Summit level.

To " break the ice " Mr. Macmillan went to Russia in February 1959. This started the phase of personal visits in 1959 and early 1960 (*e.g.*, Khrushchev to America and to France, de Gaulle to America). By the end of last year agreement had been reached for another Summit. The West adopted Mr. Macmillan's idea of a series of Summits (rather than a single meeting) and Paris was agreed as the first venue to meet President de Gaulle's wishes. In spite of many alarms and excursions (including the sensational U.2 affair), the four leaders met as arranged in the French capital on May 16. At the top of the agenda, it was understood, would be the Berlin and German question and disarmament. But at the first session Mr. Khrushchev brought up the matter of the U.2 flight and angrily demanded an undertaking from America to halt intelligence flights.

GREAT BRITAIN

In last week's municipal elections there was a strong swing to the right. Labour were defending the 2,558 seats which they won in 1957, when Tory fortunes were low. Labour lost one in four, mostly to the Conservatives, in their worst setback since just after the war. A number of councils passed from Labour to Conservative control. In addition there was a Liberal resurgence, a gain of over eighty seats, and power in a number of councils.

At the same time, the Labour Party was engaged in the laborious and at times acrimonious task of re-thinking its defence policy. The international sub-committee began discussions to find a basis for joint talks with the corresponding committee of the T.U.C. General Council. At the annual conference of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers on May 23, it is expected that Sir Thomas Williamson will move a resolution designed to dissuade the N.U.G.M. from pledging its votes to unilateral renunciation of the atom bomb.

The chequered history of one trade union, the large Electrical Trades Union, took another turn last week. Two important non-Communist members issued writs against the union and sixteen of its officials. They were seeking a declaration that the election of Mr. Haxell, a member of the Communist party executive, as general secretary of the E.T.U., was null and void. At any rate, this gave the E.T.U. executive the chance of replying to the T.U.C. ultimatum by saying that the case was now *sub judice*.

University expansion also came into the news. In the last twenty years the number of students in universities has risen to 100,000, double what it was in 1939. According to Lord Simon of Wythenshawe during a debate in the House of Lords, the figure would be doubled again in the next twenty years. The Earl of Dundee said that the University Grants Committee had obtained authority to go ahead with the development of two new university colleges, at York and Norwich. At the same time as the Lords debate, Sir Douglas Logan, Principal of London University, called for a " dramatic and immediate " increase in the building allocation at the disposal of the University Grants Committee. He said this was necessary to repair existing deficiencies and to provide for the contemplated increase of 35,000 to 40,000 students.

THE FAR EAST

At the beginning of this week there was speculation whether **Pekin** would attempt to distract world attention from the Summit. Formosa and the Off-shore islands were obvious trouble spots which might be exploited by China. Mr. Chou En-lai returned to the Chinese capital after his visits to Burma, India (to discuss the frontier dispute with Mr. Nehru), Cambodia and the Chinese Communist Satellite North Vietnam. In **Phnom Penh,** the capital of Cambodia, Mr. Chou had made an oblique reference to the Summit when he said that China could not consider an invitation to attend a world conference on disarmament while she was still not a member of the United Nations.

From **Saigon** came reports of the extent of Communist guerilla activities in South Vietnam. It was stated that these guerillas had killed over 1,000 people since last September. The Communists normally operate against isolated villages. As a counter-measure the South Vietnamese Government has started moving peasants into what are called " agrovilles," or settlements near larger centres which are not easy to attack. Greater efforts are being made to police the country's frontiers, but as regards the South Vietnamese–Cambodian border this is not easy, owing to a long-standing demarcation dispute between the two States.

THE UNITED STATES

In the long-drawn-out struggle in the American Presidential elections, Senator John Kennedy, the Roman Catholic from Massachusetts, gained a clear-cut victory over his rival, Senator Humphrey, a Congregationalist from the Middle West, in the primary elections in **West Virginia.** Senator Kennedy's win was important to him for a number of reasons. It confirmed him as the front runner in the race towards the Democratic Convention in July, where the Party's candidate for President will be selected. Secondly, it showed that despite being a Roman Catholic, which in the past has proved a disastrous handicap, Senator Kennedy could gain a high proportion of non-Catholic votes. West Virginia has only five per cent. of Catholics, far below the national average. And third, the win showed that Senator Kennedy is by now so popular that he cannot be ignored. Immediately after his victory, Senator Kennedy went on to Maryland for a last-minute campaign against another contender, Senator Wayne Morse. He was also confident of beating yet another contender, Senator Symington, in Oregon (although Senator Morse was tipped to win this primary as a favourite son). It is important to realise that in many states which have primary elections (and not all of them do), the primaries are no more than popularity contests. This was the case in West Virginia where the primary had no bearing on the choice of fifty delegates with twenty-five votes for the Democratic Convention. It is in states which are solid for one party, with all the delegates committed, that the primary has any meaning, since it gives the voter a choice. Because the United States is a federation of sovereign states, state political leaders have a major say in the complicated power politics of the Party Convention. For instance, they may use the " favourite son " gambit, a candidate put up in the primaries in his own state, not as a serious Presidential candidate but to gain a bargaining position later. An American President does not have to have any qualifications of political position, and a candidate does not have to enter the primaries. Senator Kennedy has also to beat Governor Adlai Stevenson, who at the moment is merely waiting to see what happens.

AFRICA

In **Belgian Congo** (due for independence on June 30) the authorities last week took stronger measures against the widespread disorders and violence due to inter-tribal rivalries. A curfew was imposed on Africans and the military were given increased powers to deal with threatening situations. Leaders of two of the warring tribes, the Baluba and the Lulua, were called together by the Government for talks in which it was hoped their differences would be settled.

There was also violence in the Copper Belt of **Northern Rhodesia** shortly before the visit arranged for Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Her Majesty, who was due to visit the area at the end of this week, had said that she would prefer to continue with her visit despite the racial strife. In Central Africa, the Queen Mother's engagements included the opening of the first Central African Trade Fair in Bulawayo, and the inauguration of the Kariba Dam.

South Africa agreed to Mr. Hammarskjold visiting **Pretoria** in July. The Secretary-General of the United Nations reached this arrangement in London after talks with Mr. Louw, South Africa's Minister for External Affairs, who was attending the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. The Security Council's resolution of April 1, calling on South Africa to abandon apartheid and policies of racial discrimination, is the reason for Mr. Hammarskjold's journey to the Union.

IN BRIEF

The **United Arab Republic** started to handle American ships again. . . . Twenty-seven New **York** citizens were sentenced to five days in gaol for failing to take cover during a civil defence test. . . . Mr. Stanley Lukes, president of the National Bedding Federation in Britain, said at **Folkestone** that the British were mean about their beds, slept on mattresses fit for the rubbish dump, and were in consequence becoming a nation of sleepwalkers. . . . **London** University was challenged to a custard pie throwing contest by **Bangor** College of the University of Wales, self-appointed world champions in the sport. . . . A number of balloonists set out from **Rotterdam** to land exactly 15 miles away in a precision contest.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"THE CYPRIOTS' STRUGGLE HAS NOT ENDED"—ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS

Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Cyprus, walks back to Government House, in Nicosia, after talking to demonstrators at the main gate, protesting against the recent dismissals of Government employees. In a nation-wide 24-hour strike last week, about 5,000 of the employees and military workers protested against unemployment. Collaborating in the strike were the Communist-controlled Pan-Cyprian Federation of Labour and the pro-Makarios Right-Wing trade unions. There are about 17,000 unemployed in Cyprus. Sir Hugh Foot stated that there could be no improvement in the unemployment situation until independence was achieved. Later, Archbishop Makarios accused the British Government of trying to use unemployment to influence the people. He said that Cyprus was not going to give in. There was deadlock all last week in the talks between Mr. Amery, the Colonial Under-Secretary, and Cypriot leaders. The main stumbling-block was still the proposed British bases on the island

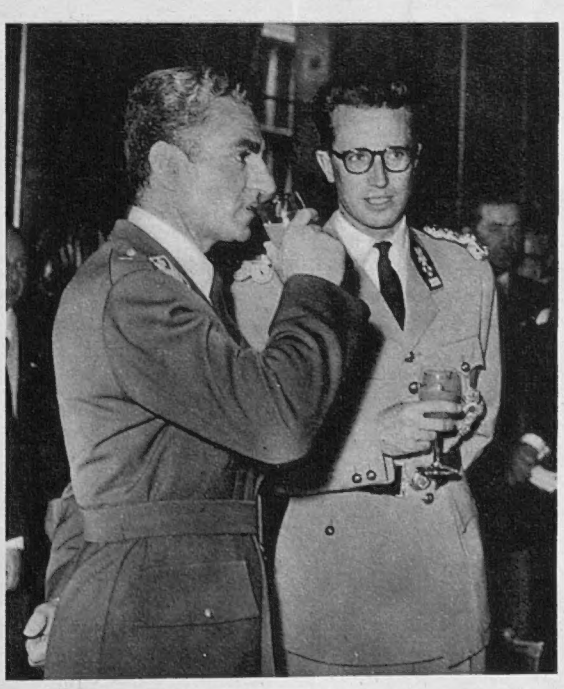
MR. CHOU EN-LAI IN CAMBODIA

MR. DIEFENBAKER AND SIR WINSTON

The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. John Diefenbaker, is accompanied to his car by Sir Winston Churchill after lunching with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill at their London home. Mrs. Diefenbaker; Earl Alexander (a former Governor-General of Canada) and Lady Alexander were also present at the luncheon. Mr. Diefenbaker left London last Saturday, at the end of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference

Far left: At the welcoming ceremonies at Phnom Penh Airport, Mr. Chou En-lai is with Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former Prime Minister of Cambodia. At the end of the Chinese Premier's visit, he and Mr. Pho Proeung, the Cambodian Prime Minister, expressed the traditional pledges of their friendship and devotion to the Principles of Co-existence

DEMONSTRATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO

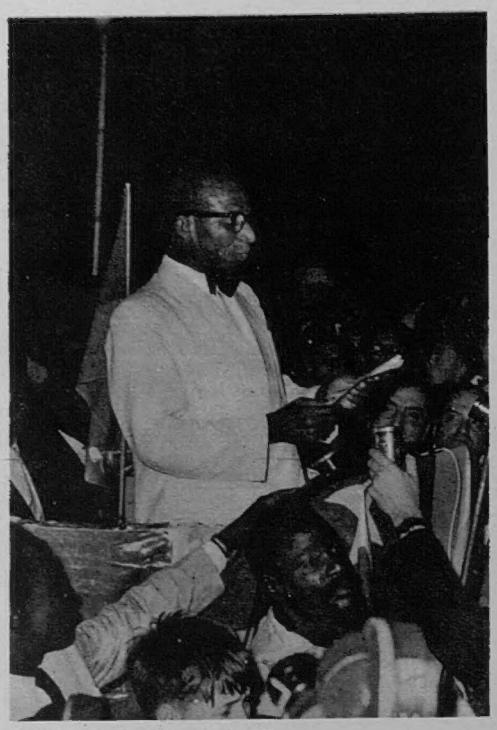


THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN BELGIUM

The Shah is with his host, King Baudouin, at a reception in honour of the Shah held in Antwerp Town Hall. The Persian monarch visited the port on the second day of his official visit to Belgium last week. Previously, the Shah paid a State visit to Sweden, which unfortunately coincided with Princess Margaret's wedding

Far left: Outside the San Francisco City Hall, demonstrators, drenched with fire hoses, go on protesting against the activities of the Congress Sub-Committee on Un-American Activities. A number of people were injured and fifty-two arrested on the second day of rioting. The Sub-Committee was holding a series of meetings during an inquiry into alleged Communist activities in northern California

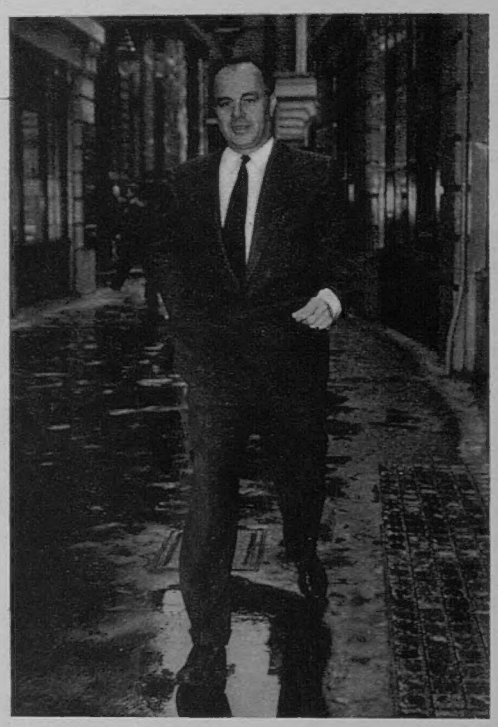
The Republic of Togo (population 1,085,200), formerly French Togoland, is the world's youngest sovereign state. In the first minutes of Independence Day, Mr. Sylvanus Olympio, the Prime Minister, proclaimed the Republic's freedom. He recalled that since 1894, the country had been successively a German Protectorate, a Franco-British Condominium and a United Nations Trust Territory administered by France. "Now," he declared, "it has found its rightful freedom." Guns boomed and a crowd estimated at 100,000 cheered as, outside the floodlit Government House in Lomé, the capital, the national flag was hoisted. The colours consist of horizontal green and yellow stripes. In one corner there is a quarter in red commemorating "the blood of the strugglers for independence" on which is mounted a white "Star of Hope." Throughout the day ceremonies and celebrations continued in Lomé



TOGO'S INDEPENDENCE

CEREMONIAL PROCESSION IN TOGO'S CELEBRATIONS

Shah Aly Khan, son of the late Aga Khan and father of the present Aga Khan, died in hospital in Paris on May 12 after a car crash. He was aged forty-eight. Aly Khan was known to the world both as a diplomatist and a sportsman. Since 1958 he had led the Pakistani delegation to the U.N. Horses from his racing stables won many notable victories

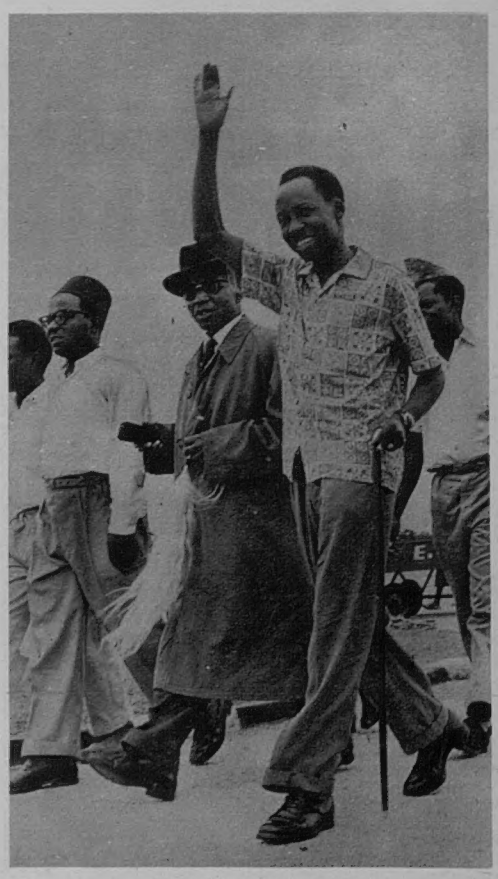


THE LATE ALY KHAN

Far right: With other members of his commission on the constitutional future of Central Africa, Lord Monckton arrived in London last week. He described their work in Rhodesia and Nyasaland during three months as "on the whole very satisfactory." They had interviewed a great number of witnesses and seen a great many others who could help them. The Commission, Lord Monckton added, would resume their hearings in London on May 23. He hoped their report would be made in the early autumn

LORD AND LADY MONCKTON AND MR. AIDAN CRAWLEY

Mr. Julius Nyerere, President of the Tanganyika African National Union, waves as he walks with Dr. Banda (in dark hat) at the airport at Dar-es-Salaam. The Nyasaland Nationalist leader made a stop in Tanganyika at the end of visits to Britain, the United States and East Africa. From Dar-es-Salaam he flew to Blantyre, where he was given a wildly enthusiastic welcome home. Dr. Banda was released from detention on April 1 and was at once flown to London for talks



TWO AFRICAN LEADERS

Far right: At the conclusion of the Somaliland Protectorate Constitutional Conference in London, Mr. Macleod and Mohammed Haji Ibrahim Egal (Minister of Communications in the Protectorate) sign the agreed report. Sir Douglas Hall, the Governor, and other Somaliland Ministers stand behind. British Somaliland becomes independent on June 26, and will unite with Somalia (which is due for independence on July 1)

INDEPENDENCE FOR BRITISH SOMALILAND

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN UNDERWATER VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

Off the Delaware coast, the captain of the U.S. atomic-powered submarine, *Triton*, Captain Edward Beach, is taken off the submarine by helicopter to be flown to Washington to receive the Legion of Merit. The *Triton*, the world's largest submarine, had completed an 84-day journey round the world, covering a distance of 41,500 miles underwater. Part of the voyage was over the route which the sixteenth-century sailor, Magellan, used on his voyage. *Triton* took 61 days—Magellan's ships took three years. On board the 7,750-ton *Triton* were 183 officers and men, including half a dozen technicians and scientists. For the whole of her voyage she was submerged, except for two occasions when she " broached " (surfacing just enough to allow the upper conning-tower hatch to be opened). The submarine, which is powered by two nuclear reactors is designed to sail at very high speeds—probably over 35 knots

KENNEDY BEATS HUMPHREY

In the West Virginia Presidential Primary Election last week, Senator Kennedy won a decisive victory over Senator Humphrey, who announced that he was no longer a candidate for the Democratic nomination. Senator Kennedy promptly forecast that he would be nominated at the Democratic convention in July. Although a Roman Catholic, Senator Kennedy gained a heavy poll in the predominantly Protestant State

THE NEW REGIME IN SOUTH KOREA

Far right—After the bitter rioting in Seoul, which led to the resignation of Dr. Rhee, the capital of South Korea became quieter last week, as the citizens returned to their usual way of life. There were isolated peaceful demonstrations, mainly the aftermath of revelations of corruption in the old regime. The constitutional reform Bill is expected to become law in June, altering the governmental structure from a Presidential to a Cabinet system

CONTINUED TENSION IN TURKEY

Mr. Ismet Inonu, the last of the old guard of Kemal Ataturk, was the key figure in the disturbances in Istanbul. The riots were in protest against the powers given to a commission set up by the ruling Democrat Party to inquire into the activities of the Opposition, of which Mr. Inonu is the leader and driving force. **Far right:** One of the demonstrations at the time when the NATO Foreign Ministers were meeting in Istanbul. Last week, Mr. Inonu described students killed in the riots as " fighters for freedom." This was the first official praise bestowed by the Opposition, who claimed the riots were a spontaneous expression of discontent

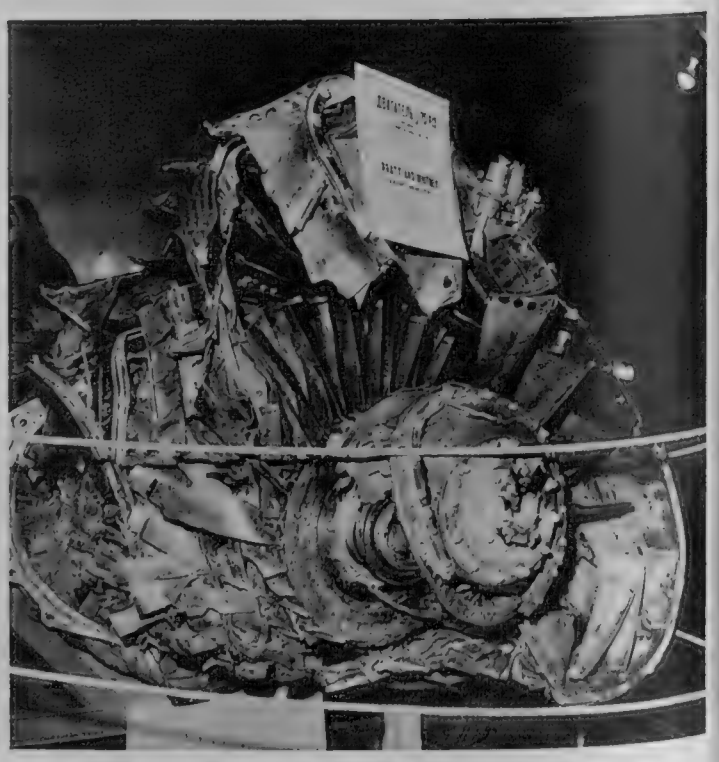
PRELUDE TO THE SUMMIT

Mr. Khrushchev examines a display of wreckage alleged to be of the U.2

In Burbank, California, Mr. C. L. Johnson, designer of the U.2, holds a picture from Russia which was stated to show the plane's wreckage. He demonstrated that this could not be a crashed U.2

Pressure suit and helmet in Moscow's U.2 exhibition

Arms and other equipment said to have been taken from the American pilot, Francis Powers



The turbojet engine taken from the wreckage of the U.2

Mr. Khrushchev arrives for the Summit in Paris

No one could have described the overture to the Summit as dull. In the days before the Big Four met in Paris, Moscow continued to extract every ounce of propaganda from the U.2 affair. Wreckage alleged to be of the aircraft and equipment said to have been taken from it were put on display in Gorky Park in the Soviet capital. The Russian Premier paid a visit to the display and made some highly critical remarks about President Eisenhower. These remarks were apparently toned down for publication in the Soviet Press. Over the week-end the Summit participants assembled in Paris. Mr. Khrushchev suddenly announced he would arrive on Saturday, a day earlier than arranged. Careful timing of his arrival was necessary to avoid his meeting Dr. Adenauer at the airport. The Federal German Chancellor was having pre-Summit talks with the Western delegates.

On Sunday both Mr. Macmillan and President Eisenhower arrived. Mr. Khrushchev called, separately, on President de Gaulle and Mr. Macmillan. It was understood that his purpose was to complain about the U.2 affair. Significantly, he did not visit President Eisenhower.

Also on Sunday Mr. Khrushchev produced another propaganda "ace." From Moscow a satellite termed a "spaceship" was launched into orbit. In its 2½-ton cabin was a dummy man. It was stated that the spaceship was intended to test all the equipment for a manned journey into space. The Soviet leader's confidence seemed in no way deflated by reports from Switzerland last week that two officials of the Russian Embassy in Berne had been arrested for espionage and expelled.

President Eisenhower is escorted to his car at the airport in Paris

Another section of the wrecked U.2 in Moscow

Russian diplomatists expelled from Switzerland are seen off from Berne Airport

JOHN CONNELL

FAILURE OF A MISSION

There are occasions on which real life, for riotous fantasy or absurd whimsicality of invention, totally outstrips the novel. Followers of the work of Mr. Ian Fleming were given, a fortnight ago, an unexpected, wildly melodramatic and inherently improbable excursion into the world of James Bond. Mr. Khrushchev played his part with the utmost gusto. Some sophisticated critics hold indeed that it was overwritten and that he overplayed it. The low comedy was excellent, but was it necessary, even in front of the Supreme Soviet, to adopt quite so often the " Psst—we have foiled their villainous machinations " tone of voice?

He had the United States Administration, in all its branches, exactly where he wanted it. He had panicked the State Department, put the Pentagon into paroxysms of wrath, made Mr. Allen Dulles look incompetent and sly, and given the President just cause for anger as well as anxiety. He had directly embroiled Pakistan, Turkey and Norway in the fiasco, and had created the maximum confusion and disarray among America's other allies. Though the affair as a whole bore a marked likeness, in timing and in subsequent exploitation, to the episode of Commander Crabbe, it was for Khrushchev a much bigger, bolder *coup*. On the propaganda plane, game, set and rubber, it was all his.

Addressing the Supreme Soviet, Mr. Khrushchev holds up photographs allegedly taken from the pilot of the U.S. plane which was stated to have been brought down over Russia

This, I think, is how Khrushchev meant to play it; and though his geniality and breeziness of manner are far from consoling to his opponents, this is how (in my view) we ought to regard his undoubted—and most unpalatable—victory. It is not to be flippant, or to evade the many graver implications of the episode, if we admit that in his boisterous fashion and on a lavish scale, Khrushchev brought off, with considerable skill, one of the oldest tricks in the adolescent funster's repertoire. This was a gigantic banana-skin joke. *Total collapse of pompous party* and high glee of Phil May type urchin.

But why did the United States Government put its massive foot so firmly on this particular banana-skin at this particular moment ? If we ponder this question we emerge, I believe, from the world of propaganda and the practical joke, into an atmosphere that is both more seemly and less saddening. First it is necessary to discard the brash and inaccurate vocabulary of the headlines, which has been one of the major factors in the Soviet exploitation of the affair, and to use the right words for the right processes. The phrase " Spy Plane " was, for the Russians, as effective a weapon in its own sphere as the remarkable missile, which brought Captain Powers parachuting unharmed into the back garden of a peasant in the Urals, must be in the sphere of anti-aircraft defence. If we talk, more ponderously perhaps, but accurately, about a high-altitude photographic reconnaissance aircraft, we take our first step out of the world of James Bond into that of the realities of the Cold War.

High-altitude photographic reconnaissance, in its infancy in the Second World War, is now an essential element in all contemporary defensive strategic planning. It was extremely clumsy and inopportune of the Pentagon to announce, in the immediate aftermath of Captain Powers's capture, that the United States intends to put up a space missile equipped to take photographs of " every inch of Communist territory "; but there is no doubt that this is, technically, perfectly feasible.

There is no doubt either that the Russians themselves have very advanced techniques of a similar kind, and that they have been engaging —just as the Americans have—in high-altitude photographic reconnaissance over North America, Western Europe and much of Asia for a long time past. The way in which they were able to pinpoint the extremely secret airfield near Peshawar, whence they allege that Powers set off on his mission, is an example of their proficiency in this field. Nobody has, as yet, been able to bag one of their aircraft in full flight; but there is plenty of evidence that they are in well-nigh constant operation. They have too a fleet of so-called " trawlers " which are apt to fish in very curious waters, and whose equipment it would be salutary to expose to the view of millions, as was that carried by the hapless Captain Powers.

Perhaps Powers' superior officers were ill-advised to send him off on that particular mission at that particular time. They have been harshly —some would say hysterically—criticised for so doing. But an explanation, if not an excuse, for their decision to despatch a pilot, briefed and equipped as Captain Powers was, within a few weeks of the Summit Conference, is to be found in the Pearl Harbour complex which, since America's entry into World War II, has fundamentally affected all American defence strategy and tactics. United States defence chiefs fear—and in their recollections of Pearl Harbour they have a justification for their fear—that it is just when their diplomatists are reaching a crucial stage in negotiations with a possible enemy, that the U.S. defence system can be least prepared for sudden, treacherous attack. This is a lurid contingency which they are determined to prevent—even at the risk of a propaganda defeat.

How seriously ought that defeat to be taken? Sir William Hayter, who probably has a clearer and more complete knowledge of Mr. Khrushchev's character and capabilities than any other Western diplomat, has observed that we should not let ourselves be too much impressed by the Russian leader's complaints. " He knows well enough," Sir William pointed out in a letter to *The Times* when the furore was at its height, " the vast extent of his own country's intelligence operations, and his air of indignation at the crime is less convincing than his irrepressible display of exultation at his detection of it."

By the middle of last week the excitement was beginning to die down, the confusion was being to some extent clarified. And some of the more extraordinary among the Russians' claims were being scrutinised with a certain degree of objectivity. How did a rocket home in one on a target as small as the Lockheed U-2, flying at a height of more than 60,000 ft.? How—if the rocket exploded on or inside the aircraft—did it crash in such good shape, with so much of its equipment in so excellent an order that Mr. Khrushchev could put on display a map, a pistol, an aerial photograph, and (according to some accounts) the paper-back novel which Powers took with him to while away the long hours of his flight? And how was it that Powers himself escaped serious injury ? The whole picture bears many signs of having been touched up; and one of the oddest aspects of the process has been the brutally unflattering caricature of Powers.

Was it for purposes of internal consumption—perhaps to prevent a certain sneaking sympathy for him in the Soviet public—that the unfortunate man was described as " a stupid, corrupt, greedy adventurer in military uniform " and it was asserted that his only god was dollars, for whose sake he flew over Russia, for whose sake he was ready to pawn his own father and mother ? Comment like this is self-defeating in the outside world. Does it have quite the desired effect within the Soviet Union? I wonder. My own suspicion is that *Red Star's* top feature writers were laying it on a bit thick.

As a prelude to the Summit the incident could not have been more advantageous to the Russians; but it is wishful thinking to try to believe that, because they have touched up the evidence they have faked the whole affair. The State Department's abrupt admission, half boastful and half self-castigating, destroyed that hope. Khrushchev had baited his trap very cunningly. Yet it is clear that he did not want to sabotage the Summit Conference completely, for after his vehement denunciation of the United States came his amiable notes to Mr. Macmillan and others, seeking to reassure them in their hope that he will treat the Conference seriously and will not (in the agreeable phrase of *The Times* Political Correspondent) let it be " stultified by propagandist gamesmanship."

Yet even this gesture had to be combined with bellicose threats to countries which let American aircraft use their airfields as bases for long-range reconnaissance flights. The explanation of the apparent inconsistency, I think, may well be that Khrushchev himself is under a good deal of pressure within the inner circle of Kremlin leadership. If he is not, how was it that the high-altitude reconnaissance affair coincided so neatly with a major reconstruction of that same leadership? The whole truth about this incident—if one could live to learn it—would be of special fascination.

The picture from Jerusalem of Mr. Ben-Gurion and Dr. Heuss, the former President of West Germany, symbolises the great efforts currently being made by the two countries to establish friendly relations. Dr. Heuss had called on the Prime Minister of Israel at the latter's office in the Israeli capital. The former President, who was the first Head of State of Federal Germany and gave up office last year, was making a visit to Israel at the invitation of the Head of the Israeli Purchasing Mission in Bonn. The two states are not as yet in full diplomatic relations. Among his engagements Dr. Heuss delivered a number of lectures at Israeli Universities.

The ex-President's stay in Israel and his call on Mr. Ben-Gurion recalls another Israeli-West German occasion earlier this year, when Mr. Ben-Gurion and Dr. Adenauer met in New York. The Federal Chancellor declared he was deeply moved at meeting "the chief architect of modern Israel," and went on to record his deep satisfaction that through restitution for the victims of Nazism, Germany was making a contribution towards the "remarkable development" of Israel. Mr. Ben-Gurion said that "the Germany of to-day is not the Germany of yesterday," and asserted that Jewish people only remembered the past "so that it shall never recur."

GERMAN-ISRAELI RELATIONS

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ROYAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Queen stops to chat with some of her guests at the first Royal garden party of the season. Among the thousands of guests were Commonwealth Prime Ministers and Ministers, as well as other representatives of the Commonwealth

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

WHAT IS TRUTH?—The Summit Conference has been raised by the hopes of millions to the status of a turning-point in history, an event which would make the year 1960 as familiar in our ears as 1066. The time and money expended by statesmen, East as well as West, on building up the " camps " leading to it have been immense. Hope and goodwill have built these camps up, till the dazzling peak was seen clearly and appeared to be conquerable. Then just before the final dash to the top, two occurrences hid the Summit from our eyes and left nothing visible but the spoors of " Abominable Snowmen." The waiting millions must always see through a glass darkly.. *Suppressio veri* is the weapon of all the Powers, and Francis Powers has added to the fog. We are not likely to learn the truth of the incident from either side, but certainly Mr. Khrushchev comes best out of it. We are ready to assume that Mr. Eisenhower " knew nothing about it." If so, we must assume that his constitutional responsibilities sit light upon him. What he did know all about was the date fixed for the Conference and his announcement of America's resumption of underground tests was clearly related to that date. Mr. K. was thus by chance or design handed two invaluable treasures of propaganda on a plate: those Americans never wanted the Summit to succeed and are trying to sabotage it. Mr. K., fostering the little candle of the hopes of millions, East and West, is playing a lone hand among the " Abominable Snowmen " and the blasts at the 24,000-ft. level. And in Britain, critics of America, who sometimes deplore that Britain has long since become a slave-state of the U.S.A., were also handed something on a plate—grave doubts about America's claim to leadership in her own or in world affairs. Perhaps the mists will clear, perhaps some cairn will be planted on the Summit. Anyway, it looks as if Mr. K. will come out best, the world's peace-maker. What is truth? Propaganda for the proper goose.

A PAGEANT IN RETROSPECT—My studied conclusions about the Great Pageant on May 6 I set down for record. When it comes to ceremonial and pageantry Court officials have the professionals beat. They *are* the professionals, the professionals are amateurs. The TV was wonderful. The " simple family wedding " was as dignified and solemn as such a religious service should be and every viewer could indeed feel that he was a part of it, inside the Abbey. None could fail to remark the Queen's grave, unsmiling face throughout the ceremony in the Abbey. It can be taken that she was determined to set an example in preserving the essential solemnity of an occasion publicised by a new medium, and the clergy admirably supported her in that objective. There were plenty of people inside and outside the Abbey who doubtless gave serious attention to the solemn words of the marriage service which the Primate austerely stressed. Indeed, a wedding of such world-wide publicity gave the Primate an opportunity rarely offered. He grasped it. For the rest, the fashion in women's hats gave the Abbey the appearance of a chrysanthemum show on a giant scale, and these flowers are not among the most attractive. Outside in the streets, perhaps, we were treated to too much of the bobbing up and down of the escorts—*ad nauseam* is the *mot juste*. Of course, the police were wonderful, and the crowds typical. Thrilled, good-natured, genuinely generous and free from jealousy, the eternally unchanging British crowd, who always love a lover, are greedy for shows, and will suffer any discomfort to get a thrill, and, most typical of all British traits, always leave behind them on the procession route a sea of greasy litter which would disgrace primitive Hottentots—they proved that there will always be an England unchanging in mass psychology. As for the commentators, Dimbleby, the indefatigable and ever deft and courteous, clearly climbed another rung to the accolade and the sob-sisters of his calling were as bromidic and sick-making as we have come to expect of them. It was a lovely day, a memorable date and immensely enjoyed. A grave warning issued by a man of my surname just before the wedding announced that the Monarchy, if it is to survive for another generation, *must be kept aloof*. TV certainly did not that day keep it aloof. It told us a lot about the private thoughts behind the foreheads, but certainly it did nothing to reduce the Monarchy's

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IN THE PALACE GROUNDS guests run for shelter as heavy rain begins to fall. The Royal Family had already reached the tea pavilions

THE PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN, Field-Marshal Ayub Khan, is accompanied by his daughter, son-in-law and a military aide, as he leaves his London hotel for the Royal garden party

essential dignity and grandeur. Still, there is something in the argument that the veil of the Royal Temple should only very occasionally be penetrated.

A HEART-CRY FROM BOSTON, MASS. —We are used to expecting that what America believes to-day, Britain will believe to-morrow. Accordingly, I felt some concern over an article in the *Boston Sunday Herald*, captioned "1·5 people against London." This assumes that it is intended by the Government and L.C.C. to sacrifice all our London parks to create an M.1 through the centre of London. I hope and believe that Boston disquiets itself in vain. Once in our history it would have cost the Sovereign " three crowns " if he could have enclosed a part of the smaller parks for his private enjoyment, *pace* Walpole. To-day it would cost any Government its portfolios and its heads if it proposed to do more than shave a sliver off any of our parks. But listen to Boston's terrifying arguments: the average number of passengers in all the cars that, of late years, have jammed London streets to 200 per cent. saturation is 1·5. And still they come. So, despite all its hopes and prayers, the L.C.C. is planning to redesign for ease of traffic this 1,900-year-old city. It has 8,000 acres of public parks to play with. There is one glorious stretch of parks running three miles through the heart of London where scarcely a single building would have to be pulled down to construct a gorgeous eight-lane express-way from Whitehall to Notting Hill. It would cut through the Horse Guards Parade (no more Trooping the Colour, no more kingfishers and whitethroats), cut across The Mall in front of the Palace (no more teasing the sentries by tourists on foot). The Green Park (a mere 53 acres) can be cheerfully sacrificed, but Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens (661 acres), with their lakes, bird sanctuaries, and so on, will be a sad sacrifice and " sort of missed." The article ends with a prayer, rather Trollopian in style: " Oh, London, we beseech thee, do not do it. This vulgar parvenu on tyres has no claim on thee, and we and millions like us have. Be London still." Boston, be comforted. 'Tis but a tale told by an idiot at a Boston tea-party. Our Mr. Marples is a forceful, energetic man, our Premier is politically shrewd, our L.C.C. is not a Soviet. The kingfishers and the whitethroats will flash by and warble on and the authorities must do what they can to ease matters outside the parks' railings. Be sure we 'll be London still and " we 'll hope to please you every day."

STATISTICS PROVE . . .—I revel in the confident conclusions put forth by scientific research units and simplified for us by statistical tables. No doubt, they employ advanced mathematical formulæ with many scientific aids beyond my understanding and no doubt they get nearer the truth every year. The weather wizards, for instance, sometimes forecast to-morrow's weather in my district with fair accuracy. When they fail to do so by miles, they excuse themselves by charging the error on an abnormal or unforeseeable disturbance or else I explain their failure by the assumption that I live in no-man's-land, neither east nor west. The Gallup-pollsters, too, are supremely confident, even after a total failure of prophecy, as before a General Election. But I give the " Oscar " for self-confidence to the Director of Road Research of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. He has already been able to estimate the money value of time, fuel and wear saved by motorists who have used the M.1 speedway. At " the lowest assumed speeds " savings amount to £1,340,000 a year. This gives " us " a return of 5·7 per cent. on the cost of the road (£23,300,000). At " the highest speeds " the saving is £1,700,000 a year or a return of 7·7 per cent. That he is a nimble accountant who balanced every item on the debit and credit side, we must take for granted, the cars burnt out and shattered, the altruistic labours of A.A. men, the costs of the breakdown gangs, the time wasted by those who failed to complete the course, and so on. A difficult task indeed. But I wish he had explained in greater detail who are the beneficiaries of the handsome dividend, and had told me how much of it is paid into my personal account, who have never used the road. I marvel at his self-confidence; and while slaughter on the roads remains at its present high level, I would prefer to enjoy my share of the modest 5·7 per cent. dividend rather than to be greedy for a share of the bigger dividend of 7·7 per cent.

A LIBERAL PROPOSAL—Mr. Walker, who makes blankets in Yorkshire, was an unsuccessful Liberal candidate in the last four General Elections. But he battles on and perhaps he has something to his advantage in his lately issued pamphlet on a land tax to replace local rating. It should be a popular vote-catcher. We all detest the rating system, and few of us understand its complexities or excuse its illogicalities and injustices. He proposes to substitute for local rating a system of land taxation, a system which nearly scraped through Parliament in 1914 and in 1931 was a part of Snowden's Budget, only to be repealed by the National Government in 1934. Why do we dislike our rating system? Because of the anomalies in the calculations employed. Houses valued on pre-war rentable values, factories on 50 per cent. present value, offices and shops on 80 per cent., farmland left immune. Mr. Walker's system, he claims, will introduce social justice and help road-development, reduce the burden of taxation on thrift, enterprise and hard work, and transfer it onto the unearned income from land ownership. At the same time, it will encourage the more effective development of land. We voters are greedy and often feckless pike. If a political party offers us a juicy bait, we gobble it down, hook and sinker. If we are told to vote Tory and have it twice as good, we vote Tory without asking for guarantees. We don't much care for technical details. " Effective development of land " may mean anything, good or nasty. " Unearned income from land " does not strike me as everywhere a very fruitful alternative source of taxation; and " road development " is not always a sweet sound to owners of little rural retreats. I expect there 's a catch somewhere. I don't think it means salvation for the mellow manor in which your family have lived for 400 years, if you should decide to retain only 5 out of the 5,000 acres round it and are free from being rated on the cubic content of your fifty rooms. It 's always somebody else who grows fat at last on developing your own acreage.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

TWO OSCAR WILDES

in films due to open in London next week

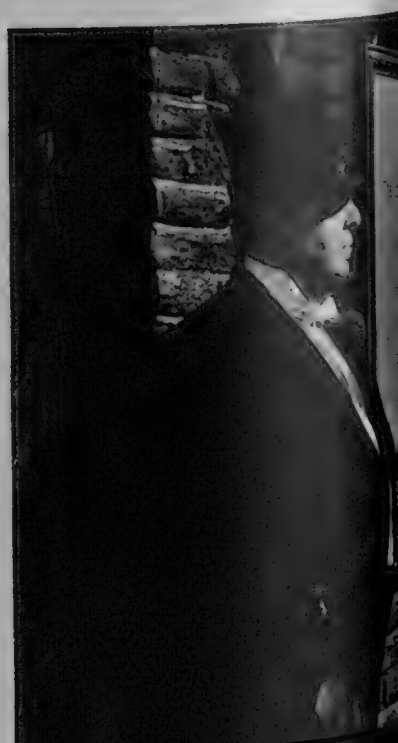
Robert Morley as Oscar Wilde

Peter Finch as Oscar Wilde

John Fraser as Lord Alfred Douglas in the version with Peter Finch

John Neville as Lord Alfred Douglas in the version with Robert Morley

Below: Robert Morley arrives at his home in Tite St.



A triumphant Oscar Wilde (Peter Finch) descends the staircase at the St. James's Theatre after the first night of *Lady Windermere's Fan*

Left: Robert Morley and John Neville

The last decade of the nineteenth century saw the coruscating triumph and downfall of Oscar Wilde. His genius for self-publicity and the *bon mot* made him the most talked-of man in London and the notoriety of his trial has made him the object of speculation ever since. Never a man to shun the limelight, he coined the epigram —"There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about." No doubt Oscar Wilde would have welcomed the fresh wave of publicity this year, with the announcement that two film companies in England, Warwick and Vantage, have made films of his life, simultaneously.

In the Vantage version, called simply *Oscar Wilde* and in black and white, the star is Robert Morley, with John Neville as Lord Alfred Douglas. It is due to have a charity première in London this Sunday (May 22) at the Carlton. Warwick's version, called *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, has been made in technicolor and stars Peter Finch as Oscar Wilde, with John Fraser as Lord Alfred. It is due to have its première a few days later, at the Rialto on Thursday, May 26.

Both films cover roughly the same period in Oscar Wilde's life, from the first night of *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the St. James's in 1892, until he was sentenced to two years in prison in 1895. The first night of the play, which the author described as "one of those modern drawing-room plays with pink lampshades" was a triumph. But already Oscar Wilde had met Lord Alfred Douglas, a budding poet up at Oxford. They became obsessed with each other, and the scandal provided yet more gossip about the flamboyant wit. This brought on the scene the Marquis of Queensberry, whose savage temper and extraordinary opinions did not make him the best of fathers. He lectured his son, and forbade him to see Wilde. Their letters became abusive. The Marquis ended one—"your disgusted so-called father"; to which his son sent a telegram: "What a funny little man you are."

On the first night of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, at the St. James's in 1895, The Marquis of Queensberry tried to offer a bouquet of vegetables to Wilde. But the playwright turned the tables and the Marquis left the theatre, ridiculed. Three days later, he went to Wilde's club and left a card "To Oscar Wilde posing as a somdomite." (In his fury, he was unable to spell.) Despite all good advice, Wilde insisted on bringing a libel action, which he lost. The jury found the defendant had acted with justification. In an uproar of vilification, in which all London took part, Wilde was then arrested and tried at the Old Bailey. He died in 1900, aged 44.

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

Not the least of the important matters raised at the historic Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, which ended in London last week, was the question of the future form, or structure, of such gatherings. It seemed obvious that with the increasing number of independent Commonwealth states to be expected in the next few years, there might be a danger of Commonwealth Conferences becoming so large that they would lose some of the atmosphere of informality and intimacy which has contributed so much to their effectiveness since their origins half a century ago. Recognising this, the Prime Ministers decided to appoint a study group of officials from various Commonwealth countries to consider the best way out of this problem. They are expected to report in a few months. To the British public the conclusion of the Prime Ministers' Conference has seemed a suitable time to assess the " present state of play " in the evolution of the ever-developing Commonwealth and to anticipate who will be " batting and bowling " in future " Tests " in Downing Street. First on the list comes **Nigeria**, with its population of 35,000,000, the largest of any country on the African continent. While the Prime Ministers were in session in Downing Street, Nigerian leaders were meeting Mr. Macleod in the Colonial Office in Whitehall. The purpose of the discussions, in which Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, the Federal Prime Minister, the three Regional Premiers and other officials were participating, was to agree the final procedural points so that the Federation can become fully independent on October 1.

The Commonwealth Conference invited Nigeria to become its next full member. Another West African country with a date fixed for Independence Day is **Sierra Leone** (population 1,860,000). This is to be April 27 next, according to the agreement reached in London three weeks ago. The Prime Minister of the Federation of **Rhodesia and Nyasaland** (population 8,000,000) already attends the Commonwealth Conference in a vaguely defined capacity. The future constitution of this federation must await the publication of the Monckton Commission's report and the discussions upon it. Lord Monckton said last week he hoped the report would be published in " early autumn." Also last week Mr. Macleod told the Commons that the Nyasaland Constitutional Conference would be convened on July 19. (This will deal only with domestic matters in Nyasaland.)

Other groups or countries in the Commonwealth which are likely to become independent in the foreseeable future—and exercise their right to ask, if they wish, to remain in the Commonwealth—include the **Caribbean Federation** (population 3,000,000), **Kenya** (6,500,000), and **Uganda** (6,000,000). **Tanganyika** (8,500,000) is a case calling for special attention. This East African country is a Territory in trust to Great Britain from the United Nations. The authorities early this year announced far-reaching constitutional reforms in the coming autumn to give Tanganyika an elected representative Legislature which will undoubtedly be the basis for eventual full independence. As reported in *The Sphere* last week, a United Nations Commission has just completed a three-week tour of the territory. The four members of the Commission came from the U.S.A., the U.A.R., New Zealand and Paraguay. They were deeply impressed by what they saw and heard. The U.S.A. representative, Ambassador Sears, is reported as having declared that, speaking for them all, " the outside world knew too little about the peaceful and dynamic process through which Tanganyika is passing."

To sum up: the people of Britain are looking forward to the day when all component parts of the Commonwealth will be fully independent. This is the ideal which was conceived by their forefathers and which the present generations are determined to see realised.

AUSTRALIA

Australia's rise as an industrial nation of no mean stature in something under 15 years is now commanding the liveliest attention among informed people in Britain and the United States. This is being demonstrated in the most convincing possible manner by the inflow of overseas investment and the continued establishment of new industries by overseas interests which leaves no room for doubt that they are going up on the escalator. Australians travelling overseas sometimes despair of dispelling the popular image of their country as an oversized sheep and wheat farm. But a steady £A100 million a year in overseas investment and the comforting knowledge of the new motor plants, oil refineries, modern factories and prosperous mining enterprises back home convince them that in many influential quarters there is a realistic grasp of the true situation.

The most recent survey of development in Australian manufacturing by the Department of Trade covered 370 major industrial projects. Much of the new development included among these, it was shown, was stimulated by the increasing interest of overseas companies and by licensing arrangements between Australian and overseas firms. The recent establishment of oil refineries in three states—a second one for Western Australia was announced a fortnight ago—has paved the way for a major new petrol-chemicals industry, a joint enterprise by Australian, British and American interests involving capital of £A25 million. Motor-car companies are spending £A50 million a year on new plant. And to meet the fast-growing needs of these and other expanding industries, the Australian steel industry is thrusting ahead on a £A100 million development programme. A million people, about 30 per cent. of the total work force, are employed in factories producing goods worth over £A4,000 million a year. Since 1946-47 the number of factories has risen from 35,000 to over 54,000.

A major driving force behind these advances has been the striking increase in the Australian population—from 7,500,000 in 1946 to 10,166,000 to-day. Migrants and native born, the newcomers represent more consumers and additions to the work force. Since all political parties are committed to maintain the vigorous immigration programme until the end of the century and beyond, forward planners have a sound basis to work on. It is an all-important fact that the growth of heavy engineering and manufacturing industries has given stability and greater diversity to the Australian economy. No longer is it so exposed to the hazards of price fluctuations overseas for one or two primary products.

The new underlying strength of the economy was demonstrated when it helped the country to ride serenely through the period of world recession and sliding wool prices late in 1958. Moreover, the fact that the inflationary trend threatened after the recent 28 per cent. jump in the wages of millions of Australian workers is being held in check, is due, in some measure at least, to the rising level of productivity in the secondary industries.

NEW ZEALAND

Housing needs and policies in Britain and New Zealand present some distinct differences. New Zealand has in recent years followed a policy of encouragement of home ownership instead of building for rental. The Central Government, and not the local authority, has the responsibility for housing. New Zealand has few slum areas and no war damage to replace with new housing, and only a negligible number of old homes requiring modernisation. One of the most striking differences, however, is in the type of dwelling. Until quite recently virtually all new housing in New Zealand consisted of single-storey dwellings, generally timber-built, each sited in complete detachment on its own plot of ground, generally from one-fifth to one-quarter of an acre in area. Living in flats has had little attraction for New Zealanders and the number of State-built blocks of flats is comparatively small. Housing under such a system required a great deal of land, and it became evident, as housing swallowed up more acres every year, much of it land of first-class quality, that the point would be reached when New Zealand was losing more farming land than she could afford. And New Zealand is a country dependent on primary production.

The Minister of Housing, the Hon. W. A. Fox, now in the United Kingdom, is convinced that the New Zealanders must build upwards rather than outwards, and is already bringing this into effect in his housing policy. What he has seen of housing in the United Kingdom—he has spent considerable time in visiting various projects—has convinced him that New Zealand housing is now going ahead on the right lines. Mr. Fox, a Londoner, has been impressed with Britain's housing achievements and the tremendous acceleration in building since his last visit. Some of the information about the financing of New Zealand homes he has provided to officials of the Ministry of Housing and the London County Council has aroused interest. One is the provision of building loans at a cheap rate of interest through a State Advances Corporation; those in lower income groups can secure a loan at 3 per cent. Another scheme, newly introduced by New Zealand's Labour Government and the first of its kind anywhere, permits the capitalisation of child benefits for housing. The New Zealand benefit is 15s. a week for each child, and the scheme has already produced applications in which £5,000,000 is involved.

Mr. Fox feels, however, from what he has seen here, that it would be preferable for housing to be carried out by local authorities rather than the Central Government, which should make funds available. Local authorities in New Zealand can undertake housing but have shown little interest in doing so. New Zealand's housing standards compare favourably with those in Britain, Mr. Fox feels. Units in both countries are about the same size, but in New Zealand there is more emphasis on amenities, and kitchens are larger. He also considers that more attention is paid to colour schemes in New Zealand, with the result that its dwellings are far more colourful.

Mr. Fox has emphasised that the New Zealand Government consider the good housing of workers to have an important bearing on the productivity of a nation. One reason he has given for the encouragement of home ownership is that it assists greatly in easing the burden of old age. New Zealand's annual building rate of 20,000 dwellings amounts to one for every 115 of population, compared with one for every 150 of population for the 300,000 dwellings going up annually in England and Wales.

WEALTH

A Glance from Britain at the Future Development of the Commonwealth; Investment in Industry in Australia; New Zealand's Housing Policy; A Slight Change on the Map of India

INDIA

The map of India underwent a slight change on May 1. Two new States—Maharashtra and Gujerat—came into being at the stroke of midnight. Simultaneously the State of Bombay, which took its first shape as Bombay Presidency under British rule between 1803 and 1827, became extinct. Maharashtra and Gujerat are the fourteenth and fifteenth States of the Union of India. When Mr. Nehru switched on a neon sign map to proclaim the birth of Maharashtra, church and temple bells rang, sirens of factories sounded and whistles of railway engines and ships blew. Joyous crowds in the streets of Bombay welcomed the new State with national songs and dances. Similarly, much enthusiasm was seen on the banks of the Sabarmati in Ahmedabad, where the State of Gujerat was inaugurated by a follower of Vinoba Bhave, Ravi Shankar Majaraj. Vedic prayers were said and rites performed at both centres. The inauguration of the State of Gujerat was performed at the Ashram founded by Mahatma Gandhi soon after his return from South Africa. Dr. Jivaraj Mehta is the Prime Minister of this newest State of India.

Gujerat comprises seventeen districts taken out of the erstwhile Bombay State, covering a little over 72,000 square miles. It has a population of about 16,000,000. The President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, has expressed the hope that the emergence of Maharashtra will signify the "dawn of an era of happiness and prosperity for the State and the nation at large." In his message to Gujerat, the President stated: "Gujerat has played a notable part in the history of the country, particularly during the period of struggle for freedom. Let me hope that it will, as a separate State, be able to serve the people well and fulfil the high hopes formed about the State which had the honour and privilege of not only giving birth to but also of being a field of activity of the Father of the Nation, Mahatma Gandhi."

With the emergence of two States, the City of Bombay assumes a special character. This city is not merely a capital of Maharashtra, but is generally regarded as the western capital of the country. It now devolves on the people of Maharashtra to ensure the continued importance of this "first city of India" in the commercial and industrial life of the country. The re-drawing of the map of India will help in the processes of economic development which are gathering momentum every day. The schemes of economic development which India has undertaken recently have been described by a New York banker as "one of the most challenging operations in the world to-day." Mr. E. G. Schuyten, Assistant Vice-President of the American Express Company's Overseas Banking Department, stated that India's economic development would require not only billions of dollars but also the co-ordinated assistance of friendly nations. India's third Five-Year Plan, vastly larger in size and scope than the previous two Plans, is now in the get-set stage ready to "go" in the beginning of 1961.

Ten major lending agencies—including Indian public and private institutions—have signified their willingness in assuring the success of this "stupendous experiment." Suggestions have been made that some advisory agency should be formed, composed of representatives of major lending institutions, members of the Indian Government and co-operating nations as well as business leaders and bankers, to co-ordinate the financial resources available to get the maximum benefit from the total layout. The World Bank has already taken upon itself the role of a co-ordinating agency, but much still remains to be done to channelise all available industrial and financial know-how to useful purposes. The field open to private enterprise during the third Five-Year Plan is very wide. Recently the Government of India set out the terms on which it would welcome collaboration of foreign enterprise in the exploitation of oil resources. Companies operating in this field, it is expected, will shortly arrive at agreements satisfactory to all concerned. In production of fertilisers also, India hopes and expects to get collaboration from private enterprise, both Indian and foreign. In addition, the whole field of engineering, machine-building, chemicals, non-ferrous metals and even essential consumer goods is available to foreign businessmen.

India's approach to foreign capital is pragmatic. Once admitted, foreign capital is subjected to no discrimination whatever, vis-a-vis Indian public or private enterprise. India's planners are not affected by considerations of any narrow nationalism. They seek active foreign partnership in the adventure to build India—an adventure which may prove ultimately beneficial not only to India but to the whole world.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Lord Dunrossil, Governor-General of Australia, tries his aim with a duelling pistol during a visit to the Royal Australian Historical Society in Sydney. The pistol was used in a duel between two settlers in 1851

The Premier of Northern Nigeria, Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, speaks at a Press conference in London. He arrived in England for the final Nigeria Constitutional Conference at the Colonial Office, concerned with the final drafting of the Constitution Order-in-Council and the Act of Independence enabling Nigeria to become fully independent. Present were the Nigerian Prime Minister, Regional Premiers, the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson and Regional Governors

Mr. Nehru arrives at the Royal Opera House for a performance by the Royal Ballet. In the white sari is Mrs. Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner in London

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 2

LOBB

Around 1850 a bootmaker named John Lobb emigrated from Britain to Australia. He was hoping to make his fortune by joining in a gold rush. That he failed to become wealthy from gold was perhaps a personal tragedy for him, but for countless people of taste, all the world over, it has turned out to be an inestimable benefit. John Lobb was forced to resort to the skill in which he had been trained in order to make a living. He set up a business in Sydney and quickly established a thriving trade in footwear. So—it is an interesting Commonwealth link—the name of Lobb being synonymous with hand-made boots and shoes of the highest quality can be said to have started in Australia. Eventually he sold out to another firm (which is said to be carrying on still in the New South Wales city) and returned to Britain. A little over a century ago John Lobb arrived in the West End of London.

The firm's premises to-day are at No. 26, St. James's Street. One could be taken in blindfold and declare at once what is the nature of the business being conducted. The sound of hammer and other tools on wood and the smell of leather proclaim without doubt that here is a bootmakers. In fact the aroma is a combination of smells of many types of leather.

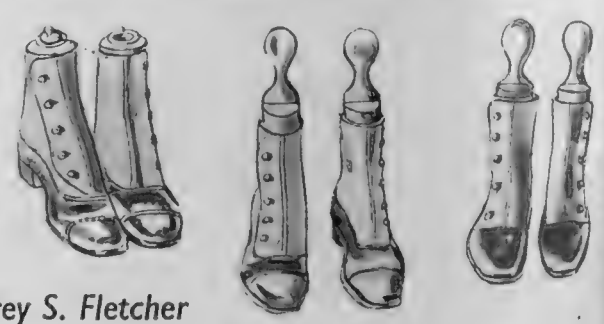
The grandson of John Lobb, Mr. Eric Lobb, who now shares the partnership with his brother Mr. William Lobb, says that some customers insist on having their footwear made from the leather which they consider has the right smell. But most are content to be guided by the expert in the choice of leather best suited for the boot or shoe they require. The list of leathers contains imposing names such as antelope and doe-skin; wax or box calf; grain hide, crup, beva, willow calf; morocco and seal-skin; crocodile and lizard.

Boots and shoes in the St. James's Street window

The Lobbs do not set out to create fashions. The family has never done so. But they are prepared to make boots or shoes of any types. They once produced a boot for a dog which was lame in one foot. Each new customer (dog, perhaps, excepted) is subject to a detailed routine involving a series of craftsmen.

To begin with, there are the fitter and the last-maker. All customers have their own individual lasts. The fitter takes measurements direct from the foot or from a well-fitting, comfortable, worn shoe. He is careful to take note of any peculiarity, a bunion or a corn perhaps, so that the record can be reproduced exactly by the last-maker. Lasts are made from hornbeam, maple or beech.

Next in the process of hand-made production are the "clicker," the "closer" and the "maker." The "clicker" selects the skin or hide, bearing in mind the type of shoe to be made and the weight and individuality of its wearer. He cuts out



A display of Victorian button boots. From left to right they are: calf and grey antelope for use with morning dress; brown and calf canvas which are for summer wear; dress button boots

Sketches by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

(clicks) from the chosen skin the pieces best suited for the particular part of the uppers they are to form. No fewer than eight pieces of upper leather are required for one shoe of the simplest type. The "closer" cuts the pieces of upper leather to their final shape and sews them together, incorporating in them all the necessary accessories such as linings, stiffeners and tongue. They must fit over the last in correct shape and proportions. The "maker" puts on the sole and heel. In Lobb's shop one will see some of these craftsmen. The fitter has to be there and so does the last-maker. But many of the others work outside the premises, in their own homes, in or out of London. In recent years Lobb's have found not a few of their skilled hands from refugees. The loss to other countries because of politics has been Britain's gain. And not only Britain's. For Lobb's boots and shoes are worn all over the world. One of the Lobb partners makes regular tours of America, from coast to coast. Measurements are taken and sent back to the last-maker in London. The customer cannot expect delivery quickly. The best, be it Rome or a pair of Lobb's shoes, cannot be built in a day and the products of No. 26, St. James's Street take several weeks to complete.

Mr. Jack Fruer works on the final stage of making a last. Every customer of Lobb has his individual last

BRASILIA

Construction Proceeds on Brazil's New Capital

Brasilia, which for a month has now officially been the capital of Brazil, can be properly called a dream come true. At the end of the eighteenth century there was talk of moving the capital inland from Rio de Janeiro. The name Brasilia was coined in 1822. But it was not until seventy years later that a site was selected and surveyed on the Goias plateau, the geographical centre of Brazil.

The underlying purpose of the new capital is to draw the population away from the coast and open up the interior of what is, in area, the fourth largest country in the world. The ultimate evolution of Brasilia will always be associated with the name of President Juscelino Kubitschek. When he assumed office in 1956 he determined to realise this centuries-old dream of a new capital.

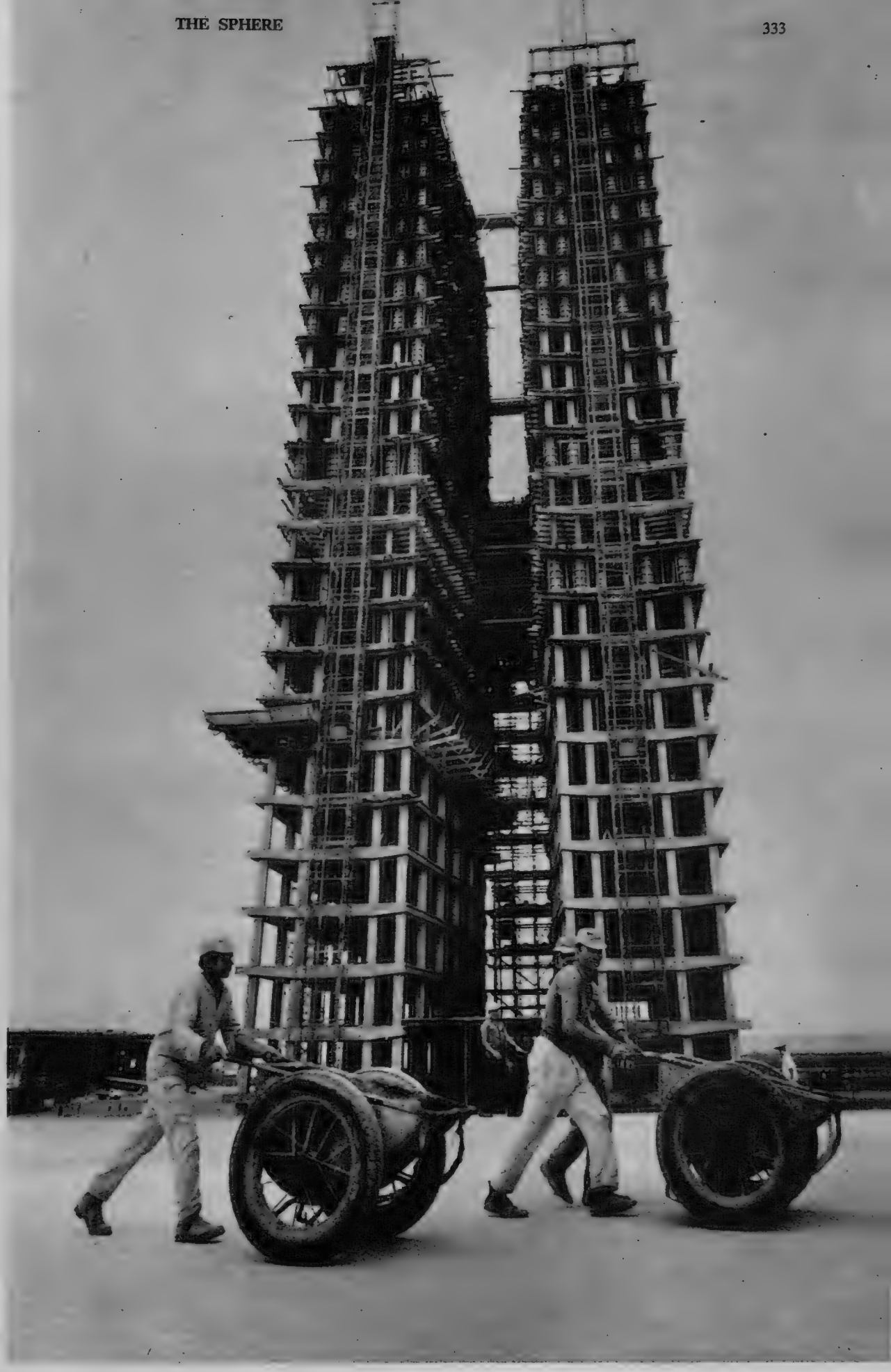
He faced criticism, his opponents dubbing him " Pharaoh Juscelino " and alleging he was building for his own political prestige. But he had in his support his country's tradition for architectural innovation. Two of Brazil's foremost architects were called in. Lucio Costa was invited to undertake the town planning and Oscar Niemeyer to design the major buildings.

Costa's design envisaged buildings grouped in the shape of a gigantic swept-wing airliner standing in open surroundings with an artificial lake stretching round three sides. Niemeyer determined that each of his buildings should be a work of art in itself. He is reported recently to have ordered the removal of certain shops' signs on the grounds they were " unaesthetic." This of course, was at a late stage of progress. Before any laying out of streets or buildings could be started an enormous feat of engineering was required.

The site for Brasilia lay in a wilderness. It could not be reached by air, road or rail. So the first task was to ensure that there would be communications for those engaged on the construction of the new capital. From Rio de Janeiro and from Belem at the mouth of the Amazon, roads were driven through jungle and desert.

Thousands of workers were thus enabled to reach Brasilia and their supplies and materials were ensured. Accommodated in a temporary camp, they set to work and the first of Brasilia's buildings were inaugurated in 1958.

Last month, President Kubitschek formally proclaimed that the capital of his country had become Brasilia. It might be some time before the city for 500,000 inhabitants was complete. But April 21 was a day of triumph for the " Pharaoh " who has certainly added to the Wonders of the Modern World.



The twin skyscrapers will contain the offices for Congressmen in Brasilia, which formally became the new capital of Brazil on April 21. The city is being built 600 miles inland and it is intended to draw population away from the coast to the interior of Brazil

The building for the Chamber of Deputies takes the form of a huge bowl. Both Chambers of the Legislature, the Executive and the Judiciary are now established in Brasilia. The first buildings in the new capital were inaugurated two years ago. Since then progress has been at the rate of one building completed every week

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

BRASILIA

The terrace of the Palace of the Dawn (the Presidential Residence) is patrolled by a guard. Curving marble-veneered columns support the roof. The idea of a capital in the interior of Brazil has been discussed for many generations. The translation into practice is regarded as a great personal triumph for Dr. Kubitschek, the President. The architect responsible for the buildings is Oscar Niemeyer

The private chapel of the President in the Palace of the Dawn has the shape of a circle and spirals to its highest point, which is surmounted by a cross. The chapel is connected to the rest of the Palace by an underground passage. The Presidential Residence is separated from the main part of Brasilia and the Government buildings and offices by an artificial lake

The long windows of the Reception Room in the Palace of the Dawn look out on to the drive and an area which is being laid out as gardens. The palms on the left were among the first trees to be planted in Brasilia. The planning of the new capital is the work of Lucio Costa. He has envisaged a city which will have the finest facilities for a 500,000 population

A workman enjoys his siesta on one of the many pieces of statuary which adorn the new capital. Thousands of workers, from all over Brazil, are engaged on the city's construction and are accommodated in a vast camp on the outskirts. Supplies and materials for them are brought into the airport or up the trunk roads which have been driven from the coast, often through the most difficult jungle country

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TALES ABOUT THE HERON

Climbing up to a heron's nest, when I was a boy, was a great adventure. It was not just the climb. That really was not very difficult, for the herons did not build in very tall trees, as is their custom in the south of England, but in comparatively small trees growing on a cliff-face, the sharp escarpment of a mountain. It was the thought of what might happen to you on the way up. There were all sorts of stories of young birds leaning out of the nest and being sick on you as you climbed up. These were stories you could not disbelieve because the ground beneath the small heronry was white with excreta, and fish bones, and even quite large portions of fish. And the stink was pungent. Mother would not be very pleased if you returned home with that little lot on you.

There was always the possibility that you would be attacked by one of the parents. Some lurid stories were told about that, too. It was all too easy to imagine what might happen to you with that great bird beating at you with its huge wings and striking at your eyes with its long dagger bill, and you clinging precariously to a branch, your foothold none too secure. So you climbed with your heart in your mouth. The first time from bravado: I feel sure that my first climb to a heron's nest was because I was " dared," for I was not an adventurous little boy. But how great the reward! I can still remember the thrill of that very first time; the thrill when I put my hand down into the warm nest and felt the eggs. I remember how surprisingly hot they were. After that I would climb year after year. I expect that I was nasty enough to pick on some small and nervous boy and " dare " him. And not once was a young heron sick on me. Not once did an outraged parent attack me.

After a while I became interested in the birds rather than in the climb, and began to watch them. Herons are not common in central Wales, and this small heronry was the only one for many miles around. But the birds were not persecuted. I suppose that the fishing was not good enough, or rather not expensive enough, for the heron to be regarded as a serious rival, as it is on the chalk streams. But we knew well enough that the heron was an expert fisherman, much more skilled and much more successful than even the best of the local experts. They used to say that the heron did not rely solely on speed of thrust with that great bill, but carried a bait around with him. I remember being told, as a very small boy just coming to fishing with a wand of ash and a length of string, that there was an oil in the legs of a heron and that this oil distilled into the water as he stood in it, and drew the fish to him.

This was not just a story made up for the bewilderment of a small boy: the men, highly skilled poachers all of them, believed it. Every now and again, one would shoot a heron and then cut its legs off and boil them down until there was a thin scum on the water; this scum being the oil. It would then be skimmed off with a spoon and mixed with a paste of flour and honey, to make, so they maintained, the deadliest of all fish lures. The fish in those small mountain streams are trout, but these men fished for food not sport, and they did not bother with the flies of the gentry: they just dangled the lure in the water, an inch or so off the bottom, and hoiked the fish out. I can testify to the deadliness of that lure. But I do not know about the " oil " in a heron's legs. I have an idea that it might be just as deadly without all the fuss of killing a heron.

The heron is a magnificent bird. Standing in the water's edge, he often seems nearer 4 than 3 ft. high and, flying, the wing-spread is all of 6 ft. The beak is yellow, the head white with a handsome black crest, and the plumes of the back a lovely grey-blue with darker wing-covers. But there is much variation in the colour of the breast. Some birds are almost pure white: others are streaked with black or grey. Some old countrymen maintain (it is the " oil " theory in another form) that the white sheen of the heron's breast acts as a bait, because it is reflected in the water and the fish swim up to it. Presumably, herons with streaked breasts are less successful. This I do not believe.

Herons, on the nest and in the water

Pictures by Eric Hosking

But what a contradictory bird is the heron! Earning his living in the water, he cannot swim and he cannot dive. The secret of his success is illimitable patience and eye-defeating swiftness of thrust. As a fisherman he is a confirmed solitary, thinking nothing of a thirty-mile flight for breakfast, anxious only to be apart from his fellows: but he nests in colonies and is the most sociable of birds once in the treetops. Why on earth does he do this? Those long legs were never designed for perching. A heron in the treetops, except when on his nest (a very solid structure capable of bearing a considerable weight), is terribly clumsy and uncertain, and I think that half the noise in a heronry is caused by the squawks of birds who think that they are about to fall off.

I have always supported the heron when my angling friends have abused him, pointing out that you can always re-stock with fish and maintaining that anyway herons do not do half the damage with which they are credited. I am not quite so sure about the damage now. Recently we have had a heron in the garden. My wife, opening the drawing-room window one Friday evening at 6.30, saw a large grey bird rise from the fish pond, a matter of only fifteen yards away from the window. He rose heavily, circled low over the garden, and came back towards the pond. But by then we were all out and making a variety of rude noises, and he flew off, gaining height very slowly and only just missing a neighbouring roof.

There were forty-seven fish in the pond when we fed them that afternoon: now there are twenty-three. He had twenty-four fish, including all but two of the large ones, and he could not have been in the garden very many minutes: certainly not half an hour, for I was in the garden at six o'clock. He must have been a very hungry heron to come down so near to a house, and I do not wonder that he rose heavily. Of course, it was as easy for him, with a small and comparatively shallow pond, as taking sardines from a tin is to the housewife. But it does show what a heron with his mind on his job can do. I miss my fish. Each had its name, and all would take food from my fingers. But I am still pro-heron. I can, and will, re-stock my pond. But now I shall put a trip-wire round it—no heron will step over a single strand of wire—because I have an idea that that heron will have made a note of my address. And though I am pro-heron, I prefer to watch them at work in other people's waters.

COMBINED OPERATION

The airliner seen here at London airport is the first of a new version of the Boeing 707 to be delivered to the British Overseas Airways Corporation. The aircraft can be described as a combined transatlantic operation as it has four Rolls-Royce Conway engines. In all, fifteen of these B.707-436 type have been ordered by B.O.A.C. for use on their transatlantic service. The first of them began its proving flights last week and is scheduled to come into regular service at the beginning of next month. Later next month the B.707-436s should also be flying regularly on the London-Montreal-London route. In the autumn they are expected to be in service taking passengers on the London-Hong Kong route via New York, San Francisco, Honolulu.

TRAVEL

THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND

By GORDON COOPER

There is surely no more healthy and enjoyable holiday land in all Europe than Ireland. I find the Irish people to be most friendly, hospitable, and still largely untouched by materialism and a passionate slavery to Time. Last year in these pages I described a tour I made of Kerry. Now I bring you farther north to that portion of the western coast lying between the Shannon Estuary and Malin Head, in Donegal, and the northernmost point of the country. A recent journey took me through the counties of Clare, Galway, Mayo, Sligo and Donegal. Travelling by car, I found the roads excellent and with a generally pleasing scarcity of traffic. Then, although the hotels are comparatively few in number, those I visited were up to first-class standards in every respect.

The main attractions in County Clare are the Shannon Hydro-Electric Works, the largest project of its kind in Ireland, the Cliffs of Moher, an outstanding coastal feature (on this great " wall of Thomond," stretching for five miles, a height of nearly 700 ft. is reached), and the Burren, a remarkable limestone desert which has an abundance of remarkable flora, some of the plants being of southern type and often rare. But the dominant note of the flora is Alpine-Arctic. There are also many interesting caves in this area, for which the best centre is the spa of Lisdoonvarna (Hydro Hotel rec.). Kilkee and Lahinch are both quite pleasant seaside resorts, the latter with an excellent golf course, while at Killaloe, on the River Shannon, there is water-ski-ing.

Derryclare Lake in County Galway

Galway is the drowsiest, most magical, most Irish of towns. Picturesquely situated, it has a famous history and was at one time the principal city on the west coast of Europe. It still shows relics of Spanish influence in some of its buildings, and a browsing stroll is most rewarding. In the fourteenth-century Church of St. Nicholas, Columbus is said to have prayed with Rice de Culvey, a Galway sailor who accompanied him on his voyage to the New World. Over the doorways of some of the dwelling-houses are the escutcheons belonging to one or other of the thirteen " tribes "—English settlers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. But perhaps best of all is the elfish statue of Padraic O'Conaire, a famous Gaelic writer, who looks a most lovable little man. Nor must I omit to mention the Great Southern Hotel, whose cuisine is outstanding. It was here that I enjoyed the best lunch of my life, starting with a dozen Galway oysters and followed by most succulent duckling.

From Galway, you can take steamer to the Aran Islands, whose inhabitants wrest an arduous living from the sea and the soil. Here is enshrined much of Ireland's ancient folklore and culture. Traditional handicrafts have been handed down over the centuries. Simple guest house accommodation is available on the islands of Inishmore and Inisheere, and you will enjoy a hospitality which is quite amazing, and the most tasty mutton in the world.

Close to Galway is the pleasant seaside resort of Salthill (Golf Links Hotel and the Sancta Maria Hotel rec.), while inland lies the village of Oughterard, close to the shore of Lough Corrib, a notable angling centre. Here I recommend the Oughterard House Hotel and the Currarveagh—a very pleasing guest house lying beside the lakeside.

There is beauty on every side when you come next to Connemara: a wild beauty in this mountainous and lake-strewn countryside, where the shadows of the incomparable Connemara clouds blend with the gold of the sun. To the angler it may be a paradise, but the only hotel accommodation available is the very tastefully-decorated Zetland Hotel, at Cashel Bay (a Guinness enterprise), and Ballynahinch Castle, which was once the home of Ranjitsinhji, the famous cricketer. Both are excellent places for a holiday, even for the non-angler. There is also the quaint little coastal resort of Roundstone, where the botanist will find a happy hunting-ground. It is also an ideal spot in which to laze and is excellent for children. The one hotel is the unpretentious Seal's Rock.

Clifden, the " capital " of Connemara, is a good base for excursions, and Thackeray wrote of its countryside as " the most beautiful district that it is ever the fortune of a traveller to examine." I found this to be particularly true of nearby Renvyle, which offers the most enchanting vista of mountain and seaside scenery; in fact, I consider it to be one of the world's loveliest places. It benefits, too, by offering excellent hotel accommodation (Renvyle Hotel). But should you be unable to get a vacancy there, there is the much simpler, nearby Hotel Dooneen at Letterfrack. The escapist might consider the island of Inishbofin (reached by launch from Cleggan), whose attractions include fine cliff scenery, good bathing beaches, and much of interest for the antiquarian, the geologist and the botanist. Day's Hotel provides simple accommodation.

Northwards is County Mayo, and entering it at Leenane I passed through a lonely, very beautiful but stern valley, with great mountains on either side to reach Clew Bay. There is one small and very select hotel at Delphi. Not far from Louisburgh, at the northern end of the valley, is Old Head Hotel, which is in the first category. Then, in an arm of Clew Bay, situated in a hollow surrounded by trees, is Westport,

CONTINENTAL NUMBERING SYSTEMS FOR RESERVED SEATS AND COUCHETTES

From May 23 an entirely new system of numbering reserved seats and couchettes will be introduced by most railways on the Continent. In future the number will reveal the exact position of the seat or berth in a compartment or, indeed, in the carriage. Odd numbers will always mean that you are facing the engine, and even numbers will be used for seats where you sit back to the engine. Where a carriage consists of compartments of the same class, they will be numbered from one to twelve, from the end one situated on the left of the corridor, no matter in which direction the train is going. In dual-class carriages, compartment No. 1 will be at the end of the carriage in which the second-class seats are situated, irrespective of whether this is on the right or the left.

The system becomes a little more complicated when applied to couchette berths but, in order to simplify matters, each passenger will be given a seat facing or backing the engine. Those with window-corner seats will use the upper couchettes, middle seat holders will only be second-class and will use middle couchettes, and those holding corridor-corner seats will use lower couchettes.

It should be noted, however, that no attempt is being made for the time being to apply this system to carriages with reversible seats. The problem is still being thrashed out. There should be no confusion now about where you will sit, although the possibility of finding yourself over the wheels remains. There seems to be a discreet silence on this point. I should think one is reasonably safe in compartments four and eight.

It is likely to take you longer to travel by rail from London to Manchester during the next five months because of the electrification of the line between Manchester and Crewe, and the demolitions which are taking place at London Road Station. Running times will be extended by about 15 minutes. It would be advisable to find out before you leave what the delay and diversions to particular trains are likely to be.

Those travelling by air to Majorca this summer may be taken aback by the temporary nature of the passenger facilities at the airport of Son San Juan, which is being used instead of Son Bonet. There has been a change of airport because a longer runway is now required. A new passenger terminal is being built, but it is not likely to be ready for several months. Son San Juan Airport is about six miles from Palma. Unfortunately, the flights from Palma to Ibiza will continue to be made from Son Bonet Airport, so that, if you are travelling through to Ibiza, it will be necessary to go from one airport to the other via the town terminal at Palma, a very tedious procedure. I would have thought that if there were sufficient passengers from London to Ibiza they could be taken on directly to the Son Bonet Airport by coach.

There is no doubt that more and more people are going to Greece, not particularly to view the antiquities so much as to bask in the sun on some Ægean island. The new low air fares have brought down the price of a holiday in Athens, Rhodes or Corfu to approximately £100 and upwards for a fortnight. A little more expensive, but well worth it, is a holiday which combines a stay in Athens with a cruise of the Ægean Islands, calling at places like Delow and Patmos.

A third ship, the *Stella Maris*, has been added to the two tourist vessels, the *Semiramis* and the *Aegaeon*, which provide this cruise service. This 1,900-ton ship is fully air-conditioned and is equipped with stabilisers. Some 150 passengers can be accommodated. W.D.C.C.

The small town of Clifden in County Galway

which has a unique character of its own, for it was laid out in the eighteenth century by a French architect for the Marquis of Sligo, whose great house lies on the fringes. The late George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay) was Rector here, and the neighbourhood provides the setting for many of his novels. There are some curious features in this town: some delightful Georgian buildings, a small opera house, now a bakery, a statue-less plinth in the main square, and while the various streets have names they lack nameplates. The main thoroughfare is the charming Mall, with its lime trees on both sides of the river, and here I lodged at the Railway Hotel.

Not far from Westport is Newport, chiefly notable for its excellent country-house-type hotel, Newport House. It is just the place for a rest-cure, as well as appealing to anglers. The main road to Achill Island brings you to another Great Southern hotel at Mulrany. Beautifully situated, with nearby sands and its own swimming-pool, this establishment is particularly attractive for a family holiday. I prefer it to Achill Island (linked to the mainland by a bridge), whose surface is almost entirely covered with heather—a blaze of gorse in the spring. But the hotel accommodation is mediocre; Keel is the main resort.

South of Achill, at the mouth of Clew Bay, is the island of Clare (reached by postal launch in 20 minutes from Louisburgh), once the home and headquarters of the celebrated Gráinne Uaile, sea queen of the West. Her feats, especially on sea, earned her the name of " Gráinne of the Heroes "; and indeed her adventures, maritime and marital, bespeak an extraordinary personality. On one occasion she was invited to London by Elizabeth the First, who, trying to appease the Amazon sea-captain, offered to make her a countess. Gráinne scornfully replied that she, too, was a queen—the equal, not the inferior, of Elizabeth. Thus terminated the visit. Her body lies in the ancient island abbey (1224). Only primitive accommodation is available on this island, which is purely an escapist's haunt.

Continuing the road northwards, I made a call at the picturesquely situated Pontoon Bridge Hotel (near Foxford), which stands on a peninsula at the junction of Loughs Conn and Cullen. The surrounding countryside is beautiful, and the angling conditions are renowned. Passing through Ballina, famous for its hunting and rough shooting, I came to Sligo, the most important town in north-west Ireland. Here I lodged most comfortably in the Great Southern Hotel. The town's architecture seems to be a mixture of every possible style featured in Victorian times. " The cathedral," writes Sean O'Faolain, " is Hiberno-Romanesque on a basis of Norman overlaid by Byzantine and suggests a desiccated battleship sinking into the Wall of China. The Town Hall is French Renaissance with a tower like a tumour."

The ruins of Sligo Abbey are interesting, and it was here that I saw an Irishwoman go through an elaborate ritual on the various wishing-stones. She was rather amazed when I did not follow suit. Then there are the local statues. One of the Maid of Erin looks like a washer-woman hanging up clothes (having forgotten to bring the clothes-line); and there is the McHugh Memorial, showing a gentleman in a frock-coat, standing precariously on a slender pillar and appearing to be feeling his arm-muscles. Irish statues are very often amusing.

Sligo County is the Yeats countryside. On nearby Lough Gill, a lovely stretch of water, there is the tiny island of Innisfree, which the poet immortalised in his most widely-known lyric, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*. At Rosses Point, a beachside resort, there is The Yeats Country Hotel, while in the little churchyard of Drumcliff, under the great shadowy bulk of Benbulben, is his simple grave, with no other monument than the slab, bearing the words which he himself wrote:

Cast a cold eye,
On Life, on Death,
Horseman, pass by.

Many people regard Donegal as the loveliest and least-spoilt region of Ireland. Nowhere else are the beauties of hill and dale, lake and rock, sea and pasture and tillage so intimately and closely interwoven, so that every turn of the road opens new prospects, and every hill-crest fresh combinations of these delightful elements. For 300 miles the Atlantic washes the coast of this county—a coast with striking cliff and marine scenery, as well as many glorious beaches. Fortunately, it still remains largely unexplored tourist country.

Often a single hotel marks a seaside resort. Among these are Rosapenna, where there is a large hotel from which (according to Ashley Courtenay) " you step right out of this world into a state of carefree delirium," Port-na-Blagh (Port-na-Blagh Hotel rec.), a secluded and beautiful spot with a splendid beach, Rathmullan (Fort Royal Hotel), on Lough Swilly, and Malin Head (Malin Hotel), from which there are superb views of the neighbouring coast, with some striking rock formations. Good sea fishing is to be had along the coast.

My journey back to Dublin brought me again into County Galway, where I visited that spectacular fantasy, the Ashmore Castle Hotel, a super-luxury establishment with fine grounds facing on to the north end of Lough Corrib. A former residence of Lord Ardilaun, this hotel offers special appeal to those seeking the best in comfort and environment. At the other extreme is the peninsula of Cornamona, where there is a simple guesthouse (Oakland) overlooking the lake.

But my most delightful discovery was Godefroy's Hotel at Greenfield. This small whitewashed house stands right on the eastern bank of Lough Corrib, and it is the best brown trout fishing centre in Ireland. Everything about this establishment is perfect: food, wine, comfort, hospitality, and an utter freedom from noise. I cannot imagine a better spot to escape from our bustling world. Nearby is the ruined Franciscan Abbey of Ross, a most interesting reminder of its distinguished past.

My return to Dublin and the Royal Hibernian Hotel—one of the best hotels in Europe—gave me an opportunity to visit the Abbey Theatre for a performance of the interesting *The Shaws of Synge Street*.

NOTE: Organised by the Yeats Society, Sligo, is the First Yeats International Summer School, with three courses from August 13 to August 27. Particulars can be obtained from the Honorary Organising Secretary, The Yeats Society, Sligo.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

The regatta starting in Naples Bay this coming Sunday can be regarded as a dress rehearsal, in more ways than one. The Italian yachting authority (Unione Societa Veliche Italiane), whose president, Dr. Beppe Croce is well known to British yachtsmen, is making a tremendous effort to perfect the organisation of the Olympic Sailing Regatta at the end of August. Every detail of this large-scale operation has been worked out, and some of it is put into effect as a final trial for this regatta, which goes on until May 29, with a day of rest on the 26th. It was originally intended for the two largest classes of keelboats only, but I understand that races will be given for every one of the five Olympic classes, with the most support from the International 5·5 metre and Dragon classes.

From the purely British point of view the significance of the Naples Regatta lies in the fact that its outcome is to affect the final selection of British representatives in the 5·5 metres and Dragons for the Olympic Games. Our Olympic Committee made provisional selections in both classes some months ago, but with reservations, saying that the provisional "selectees" (their word, not mine) may be challenged by certain other specially mentioned boats and helmsmen, and the final selection would be announced in June, in other words after the Naples Regatta. This policy seems extremely sound to me. After all, what could be a better basis for judging form than racing in the very same waters, on the same courses as will be used for the Games?

In the 5·5 metres class Lieut.-Colonel R. S. G. Perry, silver medal winner at Melbourne, is the provisional selectee with his *Vision II*, designed by Arthur Robb and built last year. However, he finished only an equal tenth in the Cannes Regatta last month, while a new British boat, *Yeoman VII*, from the latest design of the Swedish C. Ohlsen, sailed by Robin Aisher, was overall fifth. It is possible that Colonel Perry was not up to his form, or that his boat built last year is outclassed by the latest Swedish design.

Robin Aisher also tells me that some improvement can be expected in both Colonel Perry's and his own performance from the new American Hard spinnakers they are getting. These are cut higher and are more in keeping with the latest trend in the class, giving more lift to the bow. The third British 5·5 metre taking part is the Marquess of Milford Haven's *Medina*. She ended up in seventeenth place at Cannes. Decidedly, our difficulty is the small number of boats in this class, the contingent for Naples being almost our complete strength.

In this respect the Dragon Class represents a strong contrast; 191 boats are registered with the British Dragon Association, racing in thirteen fleets at bases all round the British Isles. In numbers and quality our Dragon fleet is among the best in the world.

In the last Olympics, Lieut.-Commander Graham Mann won a hard-fought contest for a bronze medal, sailing the ageing (built 1948) *Bluebottle*, and it is the same Graham Mann, sailing *Salamander*, jointly owned with Jonathan Janson, who has been provisionally selected this time. His potential challengers, who are all racing at Naples next week, are Stewart Morris sailing John Ewart's *Tarasque*, R. L. B. Carritt in *Penguin*, J. Douglas Howden Hume (from the Clyde) in *Polly*, and Sir Gordon Smith in *Mara*.

The racing at Naples is being observed by representatives of the Olympic Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Geoffrey Lowles. I shall deal with the remaining three Olympic classes in a later article.

Mr. Robin Aisher's new British 5·5-metre, *Yeoman VII*, with a Ratsey spinnaker, off Cannes

Dragon class yachts, *Mara* and *Penguin*, follow *Caurus* round the East Gurnard in the Solent

On the 17th green of the 6,379-yard-long Red Course. The 17th is 540 yards long

Vice-captain, Commander Chads; Captain, Mr. S. Furber; Lady Captain, Lady Joubert de la Ferte; Secretary, Mr. J. W. Shaw

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

BERKSHIRE

Mr. D. Deverall; Captain T. Hussey; Mrs. Hussey and Mr. B. N. Burns

On Crown Land near Ascot in Berkshire lie the two courses of the Berkshire Golf Club, about 45 minutes' drive from London. Before 1914, the site was part of a great forest. During the First World War many of the trees were cut down. Golf enthusiasts and the Government department concerned were in agreement that the open spaces and clearings would provide fine fairways. In fact the department agreed to finance the construction of the courses. The task was entrusted to one of the most renowned of golf course architects, Mr. Herbert Fowler. Over the years, there have been only minor alterations to his layout.

The two courses are known as the Red and Blue. One theory for their nomenclature is that they were named after colours rather than given numbers, because they were considered of equal merit. But another theory is that the club is near Aldershot and the Army was prone to hold manœuvres in the area, with two forces—the Red and the Blue. Extensive facilities were also built—a fine club-house and houses for the Secretary, Caddie Master and Professional.

The Berkshire includes in its list of members many notable amateur golfers. Its fame in the amateur world stems partly, however, from its famous amateur tournament—"The Berkshire Trophy"—a 72-holes stroke competition. Both of the courses at the Berkshire are just over 6,000 yards long, and are fraught with the difficulties of heather, sand pits, and tall trees lining the fairways. The Standard Scratch Score for the Red is 74, that for the Blue 73.

Lord Royston; Lady Hardwicke; Hon. Peter Samuel; Major Murrough O'Brien. *Right*—Mr. J. Keeping with his Labrador Tommy, a great finder of lost balls

Professional, Alan Dalley, and Mr. M. Millbourn

BOOKS

REMARKABLE PEOPLE

Autobiography by Doris Lessing and Evelyn Bark; Does Each Country get the Foreign Service it Deserves?

Mrs. Doris Lessing, one of the best exports to come to us from South Africa and a writer of very real distinction, has written the story of a part of her life in IN PURSUIT OF THE ENGLISH (Macgibbon and Kee. 21s.). The book covers the period when she left Africa for England, alone except for her two-year-old son and with only a handful of money, through her first few years in this country. They were years of insecurity in many senses: financial worries were constant and the problem of finding lodgings for herself and her baby son was acute. Work had to be done and was done in awkward, almost impossible conditions, but a writer's work needs publication, too, and that is far from automatic. Through all her stresses and strains, however, Mrs. Lessing followed her main intellectual hobby, the discovery of the English.

Living and working in a household, as she explains, crammed to the roof with people who worked with their hands, she thought that she might, after the first year, be said to know something about the working class and, implicitly, something of the English, but " that group of mentors who always voluntarily constitute themselves as a sort of watch committee of disapprobation around every apprentice writer " disillusioned her speedily. There was more and yet more to be studied and Englishmen, Mrs. Lessing tells us, are not hard to know but hard to meet. Her book is wonderful, a true adventure of discovery and informed with profound perception and humour.

NO TIME TO KILL (Robert Hale. 18s.) is the autobiography of a different kind of a woman, a diminutive and dynamic person who is now deservedly in the highest hierarchy of the British Red Cross and whose book has the honour of a foreword by the Duke of Gloucester. Miss Evelyn Bark, O.B.E., was ill-prepared by an invalid childhood for the strenuous life that she was to lead, but improving health and her immense vitality spurred her on and she embarked, rather to her parents' disapproval, on a business career helped by a flair for languages and a natural aptitude for shorthand. Miss Bark worked for some time in Sweden for the match company of which Ivar Kreuger was head and, with a typical lack of pretension or malice she writes about him that " he seemed quiet and retiring in those far-off days, and whenever I worked for him I was struck with his shy manner and the fact that he blushed when he spoke." The far-reaching Kreuger crash was still some years in the future. At the beginning of the Second World War Miss Bark was busy with her regular job for the Matches Control Board and

ALEC GUINNESS AS LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, with Mark Dignam as Auda Abu Tayi, in Terence Rattigan's play *Ross*, which opened last week in London at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Ross was one of the names assumed by Lawrence while serving in the R.A.F.

doing voluntary Red Cross work and training in her spare time. By the end of the war she had become British Red Cross Commissioner and was later to be International Relations and Relief adviser to the Society with a world-wide itinerary. Miss Bark writes of her remarkable life, her experiences, her many friends and the dramatic and tragic events which she has so often seen at first hand, with unquenchable good humour and straightforwardness. There is no place for subtlety and no real need for style in her record. The direct method suits the narrative and the story speaks for itself.

Every country seems to achieve the Foreign Service it deserves. Despite Labour *attachés* and the merging of the Consular and the Diplomatic Services the none too faint supercilious air pervades throughout the ranks of Her Britannic Majesty's representatives abroad. Scarcely a regional accent can be heard in any chancery; they give an air of knowing and understanding southern English only; they dish out varying degrees of the orders of chivalry lavishly to themselves and revere the memory of Ernie Bevin. The French seem to recruit their numbers from the more seedy confines of *hôtels de ville* but the accents of the *midi* and the Ardèche are not discoverable in those run-down station waiting-rooms which they use as overseas offices.

Mr. Charles Thayer, in DIPLOMAT (Michael Joseph. 25s.), reminds us how gloriously different the Americans are in these as in most things. Joe Doakes *expects* his foreign representatives to be dressed in striped pants by Brooks Brothers and to be upsides at all times with slick foreigners on the make. He also, when travelling abroad himself, expects to be entertained with a glad hand by his ambassador and to be shown the local hot spots by the other striped pants boys. The U.S. Treasury is just as parsimonious as other governments but manages to maintain a degree of ostentation by appointing rich men through political patronage. The hard-working " career " man is usually a serious, dedicated type to whom the fruits of office are almost certainly denied and who has to carry many crosses which his *confrères* in other countries do not, including, let it be whispered, some characters caricatured by Graham Greene in *The Quiet American*. I found Mr. Thayer's *Diplomat* absorbing. He is wise, witty and very readable.

THE DESPERATE PEOPLE (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is a further book by Mr. Farley Mowat about a vanishing tribe of Eskimos living inland in one of the most barren regions of the Canadian North-West. The particular tribe of which he has written once numbered thousands but ten years ago there were only forty-nine survivors and for this the author provides no exception. During the war Tank crossed swords with both Hitler and Goering, and this book sums up vividly why the Luftwaffe failed. Heinz Conradis writes simply and clearly, and this is a book which will fascinate both the expert and the amateur enthusiast. It is a notable contribution to the history of a vital phase of air warfare.

T. F. Gaskell's UNDER THE DEEP OCEANS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.) is yet another volume on twentieth-century underwater exploration, and a good one too. The author has had a wide experience since the days when he was Sir Edward Bullard's assistant in the English Channel at the time when he led the 1949-52 oceanographic expedition in H.M.S. *Challenger*. Mr. Gaskell shows how modern methods of research can probe deeply into the rock layers of the sea bed. This is a book for the serious researcher, and it is ably written and presented.

Richard Pape is a fast mover and all his books have pace if not very much purpose. POLES APART (Odhams. 21s.) is a record of his latest piece of gallivanting, the author travelling by car on the Alaska highway, across Canada and round the states of the Union. Finally, we journey with him to Antarctica to the old bases of Shackleton and Scott. This is the exhilarating record of a restless fellow.

R. C. E.

GOETHE IN ITALY

A Photographer Follows his Footsteps

In September 1786, Goethe set out from Karlsbad —secretly and stealthily, his plans known only to his servant—on that memorable journey to Italy. He could not cross the Alps quickly enough, so impatient was he to set foot in this land. That, perhaps, explains why he was delighted even with the dust thrown up by the wheels of the stage coach. The record of his journey, if a little disorderly and unbalanced in style, still possesses all the freshness of that first impact, and its republication, in a volume of modern-day colour photographs, the work of Piero Castellenghi, makes a delightful and harmonious blend.

The photographer has followed Goethe's route along Lake Garda, through to Vicenza, Bologna, Florence, Assisi, Spoleto, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Salerno, Paestum, and so across the Straits of Messina to Sicily. FROM LAKE GARDA TO SICILY WITH GOETHE (Macdonald. 35s.) is most skilfully edited; the impact of the Lambretta, the Vespa, and the Fiat on the modern townscape is not permitted to break in upon the reverie of the traveller in the post-chaise. The volume neatly bridges nearly two centuries, and still the wonder of Italy remains. Its impact upon the tourist can be as powerful now as it was in Goethe's heyday.

" The liner, she's a lady," so they say. There is no doubt about it she is one capable of evoking sincere regard and even deep passion. Such was the celebrated *Ile de France*, and when they came to retire her from the French Line in 1958, and to break her up for scrap, there were storms of disapproval all over the world. Nothing less would suffice than a full-scale biography. This has been written by Don Stanford with the aid of admirers of the old lady, who have sent him their snapshots and told him their memories. ILE DE FRANCE (Cassell. 25s.) is an admirably sustained narrative, reaching its climax with the rescue of the 754 passengers from the sinking *Andrea Doria* off Nantucket Shoals. This is a worthwhile biography. The author has fulfilled his task without over dramatising the many remarkable situations in which this ship was involved.

The more we are permitted to examine the conduct of the Second World War on the German side the more clearly do we see the incomprehensible hesitancy which so often marked its direction. Nearly always the culprit was Adolf Hitler, and DESIGN FOR FLIGHT (Macdonald. 21s.), an account by Heinz Conradis of the work of Kurt Tank, the celebrated Focke Wulf designer,

lays the blame squarely on white administration which inadvertently, at the best, has caused physical and mental agony to another race. As Mr. Mowat writes, his book " is a chronicle of the virtual extinction of a native people in this, the *present* hour of our history. It is also, so I believe, an irrefutable argument for the full and immediate emancipation of the surviving Canadian Eskimos from the intellectual, economic and social confinement which was imposed upon them more than half a century ago, and maintained in full effect until as late as 1954." I will add that with all his crusading zeal Mr. Mowat has written a moving and highly dramatic story.

There could scarcely be a subject more remote from the last book than Mr. Richard Poirier's study of THE COMIC SENSE OF HENRY JAMES (Chatto and Windus. 30s.); as esoteric a theme as might occur to one. Mr. Poirier has focussed his analysis and his discussion on the early novels, from *Roderick Hudson* to *Portrait of a Lady*, including *The Europeans* and *Washington Square*, perhaps the best known of this group. Mr. Poirier has the scholarly approach to James' work; his enjoyment has obviously been based on deep consideration of style, manner, ideas and intention. The result is possibly not a book for those, who do exist, and who have never read one of these exquisitely architectural novels but for those whose scholarly curiosity and familiarity with the work almost matches this writer's.

The English novel of the week is THE VISIT OF BROTHER IVES (Cassell. 18s.), a warm and satisfyingly old-fashioned story by Mr. Ernest Raymond whose work always has an almost hypnotic quality of readability. The story opens with a Franciscan friar in an Anglican order revisiting the small town where, nearly sixty years before, he had been at the centre of a notorious case and from then, in a long but perpetually gripping flash-back, the story of his life unfolds. Far more dramatic than it sounds and richly inventive.

Vernon Fane

SELECTED VICTORIANA

So rich is the long Victorian era in apt citations to illustrate what it stood for, that the historian's job is a teaser in the art of selection and the reader may be as surprised by what is left out as impressed by what is supplied. It is odd (to me) to find a mention of S. W. Gore, first champion of lawn tennis, and none of his younger brother Charles, in 1895 drawing vast congregations to the Abbey in a genuine religious revival ! It is remarkable that Victorian literature, science and philosophy receive hardly a mention and that such " types " as Kingsley or the Brontës are left out. Victoria was such an unconscionable time a-reigning that human fashions were the most trivial subjects of change. The very birds had time to change their natures. Certainly there were snipe in the " Five Fields " in 1837, but it seems (blurb) they were shot " in *trees* in Belgrave Square " !

Sir Charles Petrie, that experienced painter of periods, recognises in his THE VICTORIANS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.) that an era so rich in contrasts, so heavily documented, so outstanding in its development from an agricultural to an industrial polity, so breathtaking in its changes, cannot be compressed on to a single canvas, even by a Frith. Scores of historians already have contributed to a vast mural yet unfinished and awaiting the brush strokes of artists yet unborn. Wisely he has chosen samples—the story of Liverpool is a good example—to underline the speed of advance, the breathtaking contrasts between 1837 and the new century. He has devoted separate chapters to Scotland and Ireland, and has perhaps devoted too much space to the Court and the Monarchy, an overwritten theme about which he has nothing new to tell us. Perhaps too many chestnuts and the current squibs are pulled out in new costumes. " Ice it, Gunter," for example. And, of course, poor old Tranby Croft makes its thousandth come-back. What he does tell us, from Victorian exploitation of human life to polite Victorian recreations and fashions, is told with point and authority, and is a useful contribution to the Victorian Doomsday book still in preparation.

John Gore

THEATRE

Oblivious of the dust as a rhinoceros thunders by, Sir Laurence Olivier, as Berenger (right), takes another sip

Sir Laurence Olivier in a tense moment. *Below* he is with Duncan Macrae (as John) and (background) Michael Bates and Geoffrey Dunn

RHINOCEROS

at the Royal Court

Appearances in London by our leading actor are all too infrequent. For this reason alone, Sir Laurence Olivier's performances in the latest Ionesco play to reach Britain from France make *Rhinoceros* a theatrical event. Its run until June 4 has been booked out, but there have been numerous discussions about transferring the play to another theatre. Ionesco's fantasy is comic with grisly undertones. Down the main street of a small town one Sunday morning thunders a rhinoceros; the citizens argue whether it had one or two horns. Soon neighbours start to turn into rhinoceroses and, as the epidemic spreads, the desire to conform grips the town. Finally, only the drunken, amiable and weak-willed clerk, Berenger, is left as a man. The playwright's method is to turn logic upside down; his humour depends on the incongruity of human reaction to world-shaking events. The purpose of the play is to expose the desire to conform, to agree with the strong; the characters express their desire to become rhinoceroses, " we must be reasonable, we must try to reach an understanding," in the time-honoured way of those falling in with the majority. In the thunderous production by Orson Welles, Duncan Macrae plays the priggish friend, who is one of the first to become a rhinoceros, and Joan Plowright is Berenger's mothering beloved. But it is Olivier's superb performance as the seedy anxious clerk, left alone in a bellowing world of beasts, which makes the evening so memorable.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

S. P. Chambers

Mr. Chambers, since March the Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, has had an auspicious start. At the Annual General Meeting last week, he elaborated on the statement issued to shareholders, which showed that I.C.I. had a record turnover in the last year. Total sales for the group were £508,500,000, up by an appreciable margin. Stanley Paul Chambers' career in I.C.I. is remarkable in that he joined the group only in 1947, becoming Finance Director early in 1948 and a Deputy Chairman in 1952. (All three of his predecessors as chairmen grew up in the business.) Before entering I.C.I. the new Chairman had a long career in Government service, starting in the Inland Revenue Department in 1927, with a Master's Degree in Economics at the London School of Economics. In 1935 he was a member of the Indian Income-Tax Inquiry Committee, and later acted as Taxation Adviser to the Indian Government, a post comparable with the Financial Secretary of the Treasury in the U.K. He was created a Companion of the Indian Empire. In 1940 he returned to England to become Director of Statistics and Intelligence in the Inland Revenue, and two years later he became Secretary to, and a member of, the Board. For this work he was created a Companion of the Bath. His *tour-de-force* was Pay-As-You-Earn, a taxation landmark. In 1944 he was in Washington, negotiating the comprehensive double taxation agreement between the U.S. and Britain. From the end of the war until 1947 he was in Germany as Chief of the Finance Division of the British Element of the Control Commission. He then became the only man to go straight on to the I.C.I. Board as a working director. As he remarked in an interview, he "never had any trouble with figures." Born in 1904, Mr. Chambers lives with his wife and three daughters in Hampstead

POWER WITHOUT A KETTLE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Technically, few engineering achievements represent the result of more unremitting effort to improve performance than the modern power station. Steady advance in the temperatures and pressures at which ever bigger boilers can generate steam, coupled with the development of materials able to stand up to ever greater heat when moving at the supersonic speeds of the tip of a steam turbine blade, has made engineers able to get more power out of a given size of station and a given amount of fuel—reducing electricity costs in spite of inflation. No bigger effort of research and development has been mounted in history than the various programmes, right across the world, to develop generation of electricity at similar costs from nuclear power stations; and the experts involved, at any rate, have little doubt that this can be achieved within this decade.

Nevertheless any power station of the kind we know, whether fired by coal, oil or uranium, must on occasion make every engineer sigh; impressive as it is, it forms a reminder of inherent limits upon his ingenuity. The condensing tower which recovers much of the water from the exhaust steam, but lets most of the heat disappear into the atmosphere (unless the station is conveniently enough sited to be able to warm up a river, which is cheaper if no less depressing), demonstrates these limitations for miles around. The most efficient power stations in the world, to-day, waste 60-65 per cent. of the heat that their boilers consume; even in fifteen to twenty years' time, when stations may be working on "super-critical" operating conditions of, say, 10,000 lb. per sq. in. and 1,400 degs. Fah., they will still be able to achieve no more than 45 per cent. in "thermal efficiency." There are inherent theoretical limitations upon the heat cycle of any engine turning heat into energy which depend largely upon the peak temperatures acceptable; and the temperatures in a turbine depend upon the heat that turbine blades can be made to stand while rapidly—and constantly—rotating.

So long as the generation of electricity requires the burning of fuel to boil water into steam at high temperature and pressure, the passage of that steam through a turbine to produce rotary motion, and the use of that rotary motion to spin an electrical conductor within a magnetic field, the maximum temperature at which metals for turbines can spin without deformation by "creep" will set the limits to efficiency in generating electricity. They are running virtually red hot, within a casing where the clearances at high temperatures are tiny. Over the years, materials have gone on improving; but metallurgy for the turbine has now reached a point where further advance is slow. From coal to steam conversion efficiency in the boiler is about 90 per cent.; from steam to electricity in turbine and generator, at best, only about 40 per cent. Inevitably, engineers looking for greater progress have long toyed with the idea of "generating power without the kettle"; of late, with more hope of achieving something practical.

The possibilities with which research departments of power systems and electrical engineering firms are now concerned almost all depend upon principles known for many years, but up to now too difficult to utilise—as the gas-turbine was, until the late '30's developed metallurgy to match its requirements. They were discovered, indeed, before the steam turbine became a practical reality. It was in 1821 that Seebeck discovered the "thermo-electric effect"—the fact that if two metals are joined at their ends to form a loop and one is heated an electric current flows round the circuit. Sir William Grove, in 1839, first thought of the "fuel cell," a device to convert the chemical energy of a reaction into electricity. The Edison effect, discovered in 1883, is the basis of all thermionic valves; when a metal is brought up to white heat, it "boils" electrons out of its surface (which in the valve are collected by a cold collector plate). And the latest of the techniques of "direct generation" being tried relies, like the ordinary turbo-generator used in every power station, upon the basic principle of moving a conductor inside a magnetic field; only instead of a metal conductor, it uses a very hot, electrically conductive gas.

All of these devices, by now, have worked; but not many of them have got beyond the laboratory. It is true that one of the laboratories concerned is now orbiting freely about 8,000,000 miles away from the earth—the American space satellite Pioneer Five, to and from which signals can still be sent and received by radio-telescopes such as Professor Lovell's at Jodrell Bank, in Cheshire. The power sources for the 150-watt transmitter that was successfully switched on in this satellite last week are reported to be thermo-electric devices which turn heat from radio-active waste materials, or the heat of the sun, into electricity to run the transmitter or charge the satellite's batteries.

Thermo-electric effects such as these are very slight in materials that ordinarily conduct electricity well. It was not until the development of the semi-conducting materials that are used, for example, in the gradually more familiar transistor, that any practical use could be made of the effect. So far, being able to stand only modest heat, these semi-conductors can convert this only into low power electricity—to take an example far removed from the American satellite, the Russians are using them to convert the heat of an ordinary kerosene lamp into sufficient electricity to run radios in areas of Russia and China far remote from ordinary power sources. To develop any substantial and efficient generation of electricity from them, one would need semi-conducting materials capable of standing temperatures up to, say, 600 degs. C. or more. Moreover, these materials would need the heat applied directly to them, in a furnace or perhaps in the actual pile of a nuclear reactor. Hopes of achieving such materials differ; but nothing to take thermo-electricity out of the specialised field of low power sources has been announced yet.

The attraction of this and some other kinds of direct generation, however, lies in the fact that the high temperatures required for maximum efficiency could be applied to materials that remain still, in contrast to the rotating metal of a turbine blade. A number of materials, in ceramic or refractory form, can take much higher temperatures when stationary than the best heat-resistant metals can in rapid motion.

Thermionic devices for converting heat into electricity, would, in effect, follow the principle of the radio valve. Heat applied to one metal surface would be converted into the electricity generated as electrons from this surface strike the other, cold metal surface; such devices have been developed by the Radio Corporation of America. Such a process, used, for example, in the heart of a nuclear reactor, would still lose a fairly high proportion of heat through ordinary conduction; but this heat, it is suggested, might be used with a normal circulating fluid and turbine, with the combined efficiency at least markedly higher than if all the heat were passed out by steam to the turbine.

The latest possibility to be announced—a commercial research laboratory has been working on it along with the American Power Service Corporation, and Professor Thring of Sheffield University has been studying it in this country—rejoices in the forbidding name of "magneto-hydrodynamics." But one can forget the label; it rests on the fact that at high temperatures a gas becomes "ionised" and conducts electricity. A stream of very hot, conductive gas, if passed through a magnetic field, could generate electricity just as the moving core of an ordinary generator does. The main difficulty here may be the materials for the combustion chamber and the nozzle from which compressed gas from coal combustion, at a temperature of some 5,300 degs. Fah., could pass through the coils of a large electro-magnet. This exhaust gas, in the design that has been prepared, would be used in conjunction with a normal steam turbine circuit, offering a total thermal efficiency of perhaps 60 per cent. Some of the engineering problems at such temperatures involved sound slightly fantastic, but it may be that this eventually stands better chances than either of the two systems mentioned before. At any rate, ten American power companies have been interested enough to finance the development project, and Britain's own Central Electricity Generating Board is now forming a team to study this generating cycle.

All these three possibilities are simply processes for direct generation of electricity from heat. The fuel cell, upon which scientists in Britain, the United States and Russia have now been working for many years, is a form of direct generation; but it also has applications in another field, the storage of electricity in more efficient ways than are possible at present.

During any chemical reaction, electrons are exchanged between atoms; if the electrons can be released together at one point, one has a simple electrochemical cell or battery. What has tantalised scientists for more than a century is a way of combining in the fuel cell the hydrocarbon fuels such as oil or coal with oxygen in such a reaction to produce electricity instead of oxidising them by burning to produce heat. Mr. F. T. Bacon, of Cambridge University, last year demonstrated a prototype fuel cell powered by the combination of hydrogen and oxygen. This one might call the electrolysis of water in reverse; and indeed it would be mainly as a means of storing the electricity which has first to be used to separate hydrogen and oxygen from water that such a cell would be useful. Applications of fuel cells to power fork lift trucks, tractors, and passenger cars have been shown as prototypes by American manufacturers. Large static cells might also be used to make electricity generated cheaply for the electrolysis of water, and "stored" as hydrogen and oxygen, available whenever the grid system wanted it.

Such a possibility would considerably reduce the cost of peak load power—and, incidentally, give nuclear energy stations, which work best when run "round-the-clock," a better chance of competing. But other researchers in Britain and America are working upon the original idea of producing the electricity direct from hydrocarbon fuels such as oil and coal, which would make the fuel cell a generator rather than a form of accumulator. And these, too, may be approaching what Mr. Bacon has called "about the same stage of development as Bleriot's aeroplane."

Hoover Spinarinse machines are in the final stages of construction at the company's factory at Merthyr Tydfil. They are being examined before undergoing a series of extensive operating and electrical tests. An accurate and speedy test is obtained by the use of Hoover-designed fully automatic testing apparatus, which records on central instrument panels any faults in constantly moving lines of completed washing machines. All the completed washing machines finally converge on one conveyor *en route* to the despatch department for shipment all over the world. Near the main factory at Merthyr Tydfil, a 110,000-sq.-ft. extension is now nearing completion. With other recent acquisitions, the Merthyr group of Hoover Limited is the biggest in the company's factory groups in England, Scotland and Wales. The decision to manufacture the Hoover washing machine in Wales was taken soon after the second world war. The Merthyr group of factories is now the largest in Europe devoted to manufacturing washing machines. Some 3,000 people are employed by Hoover Limited at Merthyr Tydfil, nearly all of them coming from the surrounding districts

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

HOOVER

at their washing machine factory at Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales

Above: The outer can is placed over the shaft of the inner spin can of the Spinarinse. The operator on the right completes the assembly by securing the resilient bearing to the outer can. From this point the completed component parts travel by the conveyors to the final assembly lines. The machines then pass to the test stations

Left: As the enamelled shells are fixed to the partly assembled bases, the washing machines begin to take shape. In the background the operators are installing electric motors and fitting the electrical leads

FACTS OF THE HOOVER WASHING MACHINE FACTORY

The first Hoover washing machines were completed at the Merthyr Tydfil factory on March 1, 1948. Since then new models have been introduced, culminating in the Hoovermatic (a combined washing machine and spin-dryer). One of the most recent additions to the plant was the Spinarinse production line. In view of the large numbers of machines exported, variations have been made to suit conditions in up to 100 countries throughout the world.

Many of the basic materials (including steel, aluminium and rubber parts) used in the factory are supplied in a substantial degree from Welsh sources. The supply and transport of these, and the use of public utilities, are important contributions to trade and employment in Wales.

The production process at the factory starts in the materials handling bay, where the raw materials are received and despatched to the various sections. They are moved by modern handling methods which include four miles of conveyor systems.

The cast-metal parts are made in a foundry equipped with hydraulic pressure die-casting machines and a rotary furnace. The plastic moulded parts, such as the pulsator and wheels, come from 200-ton semi-automatic presses. Strip steel for the outer casing of the machines is cut to size and formed on a rolling machine. In two subsequent operations on tangent bending machines, the sides and front are formed from one sheet of metal, to which the cord storage compartment is assembled and welded. Meanwhile, the rear panel assembly is pressed and trimmed. The inner stainless steel washing tubs go through similar operations of pressing and bending. There are also similar processes for spin-dryer parts.

One of the biggest automatic anodising plants in Britain is used to anodise the aluminium parts, thus giving them a durable smooth finish. To make the tools for the machines in the factory, there is one of the best-equipped toolrooms in South Wales, employing more than 100 skilled toolmakers. The machines which make the component parts are nearly all electrically powered. Motors for the machines are not made at Merthyr Tydfil; they come from other Hoover factories in Glasgow. There are laboratories equipped with the latest apparatus for metallurgical and chemical research and

Above: Feeding the Monometer Rotary furnace with aluminium alloy ingots for die-casting. The furnace has a capacity of 1 ton. When it is required, the molten alloy is transferred by a Roper ladle on an overhead rail to smaller individual furnaces which are used to feed the factory's die-casting machines

Below: After a press operation a component is checked by the operator for flaws. The actual part undergoing inspection is the mask plate which is used in both the Hoovermatic and Spinarinse machines. Particular attention is paid to the inspection of each component part as well as the completed machine

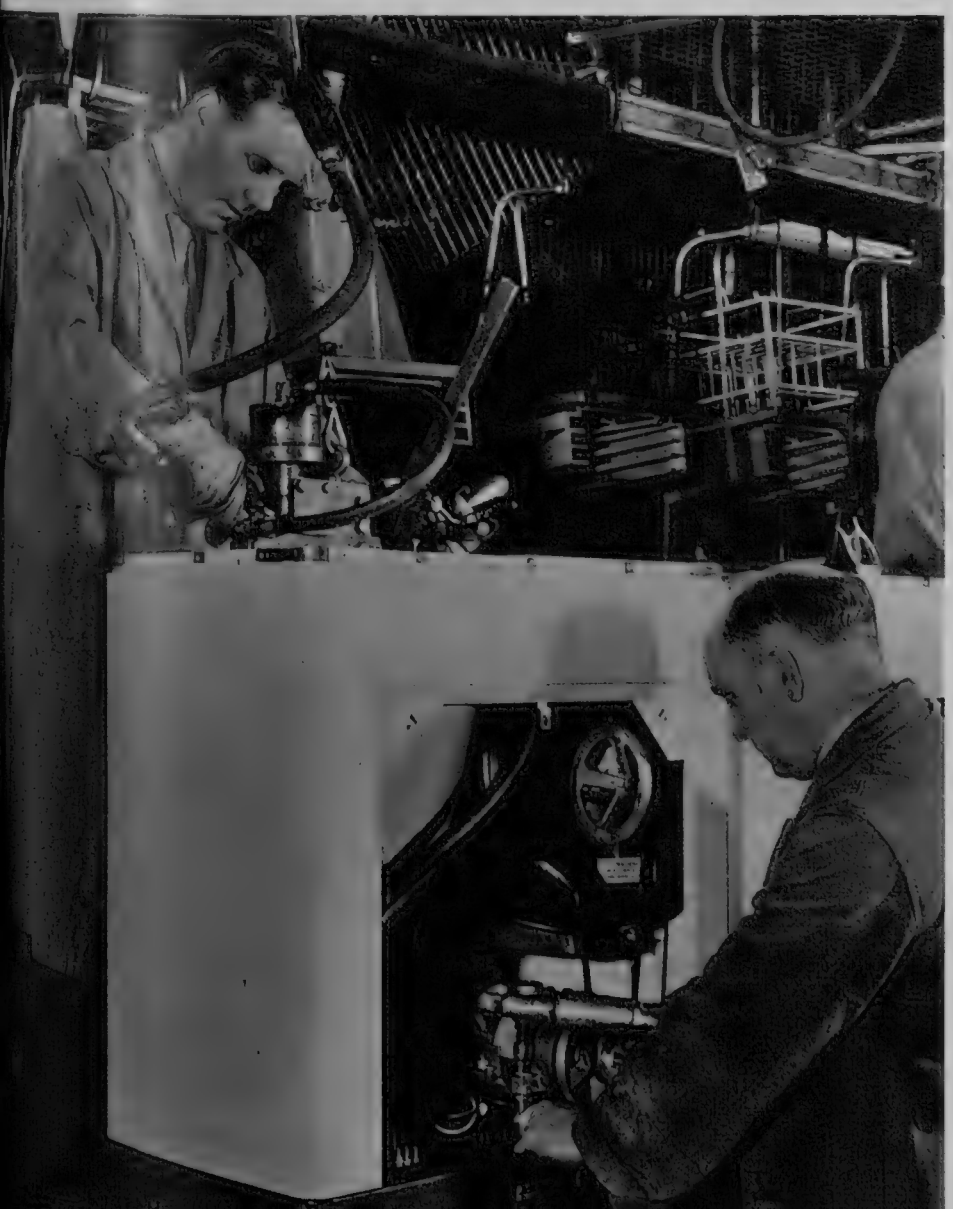
Women are employed on mechanical and electrical sub-assembly. The work is of a semi-skilled nature and the picture shows girls completing switch and lead assemblies for Hoovermatic washing machines

The inspector is checking the belt tension and other mechanical details on an almost completed washing machine

investigation, and in these laboratories, and, indeed, throughout the factory, quality control checks are continually made to see that the materials and the products are of the highest standard.

In the assembly section, components arrive by the vast intricate network of conveyors from all over the factory. Along each line, operators, working shoulder to shoulder, take the components from the conveyors and, using jigs, begin to put the machines together. As the machines move forward along the lines, with more components being added, they take their familiar shape. They then pass to test stations.

Two coats of paint (primer and enamel) are applied to the outer shells of the machines. Recently, an electrostatic painting plant was installed to paint some components. Paint is stored and constantly mixed in large tanks in the paint room and is pumped to the paint-spraying booth, 500 ft. away.



Left: On the main production line assemblers are at work on two different sections of a partly completed machine. The man in the background is riveting the machine's spinner unit to the shell, while the man in the foreground is adjusting the motor mounting

Above: Washing-machine shells receive their final hot spray enamel coat before the operation which is known as stoving. This gives them their high gloss and hard-wearing finish. In the booths, air and water combine to keep the atmosphere fresh and clear

Hoovermatic washing machines are loaded on an articulated trailer which holds about 118 in three tiers. Most of the machines are transported direct from the factory by the company's own transport fleet

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

NORAH SMALLWOOD

A London publisher is the second of Britain's leading business women to be interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

A flagon of cider with a woman's hat hung rakishly on its neck stands beside the desk in a book-lined room at the offices of Chatto and Windus Limited in William IV Street. Mrs. Norah Smallwood, a director of the firm, owns the hat as well as the cider, which she has no intention of drinking. Not because it makes a "jolly good hatstand," but because it celebrates both a personal friendship and her latest professional triumph *Cider with Rosie*. It was Mrs. Smallwood who encouraged her friend Laurie Lee to write that best-selling book of nostalgia. He had often talked to her of his childhood in the Cotswolds, and she sniffed a book in it. Her eyes still gleam with excitement when she recalls her first glimpse of the result. "I read the manuscript overnight, and wrote next morning to Laurie telling him it was wonderful. But he's so modest about his work he didn't believe me—asked if I thought it would sell 5,000 copies ! In the end he made an enchanting bet with me: that if the book sold 10,000, he would give me dinner, and an orchid with every course ! "

Mrs. Norah Smallwood, a director of Chatto and Windus Limited

On the day of publication, last November, the still disbelieving author placed a bottle of champagne and a bottle of cider on his publisher's desk. Soon afterwards, he and his wife took her down to Chelsea for that dinner. With orchids. The book has sold over 50,000 copies so far, and the bizarre hatstand stays where it is. "Somehow I just can't bring myself to drink it," says Mrs. Smallwood.

Not that publishing is orchids all the way, as she is the first to point out. Reading manuscripts, meeting authors, spying out new talent and consolidating the old names on the list—that is part of it; "and the most fascinating part," she says, "because it means dealing with people, and I love people." The rest is business, and a competitive, delicate business at that, requiring not only skill in personal relationships and literary intelligence, but also a shrewd head for calculating risks and a thorough knowledge of the mechanics and costing of production—of how many copies it would be economic to run off on first printing or whether it would pay to have a plain jacket and sell a book at half-a-guinea or a two-colour job at a higher price. These are the sort of problems which men, on the whole, take to more naturally than women.

Hordes of girls labour on the secretarial slopes of publishing. Only a few, apart from those who take a short cut by reason of wealth or family connections, survive the long climb to the boardroom. Mrs. Smallwood, whose father was a hard-up painter, had neither the wealth nor the connections. But she started with the advantages of a cultured background, a lively mind, and a genuine love of the human comedy. The rest she learned the hard way and the best way, on the job. She was twenty-four years old when she first joined Chatto and Windus, in flight from the *longueurs* of her first job as "an absolute stooge" in the library at Chatham House. She was taken on to help with the firm's first venture into weekly journalism, the magazine *Night and Day*, which specialised in dry New Yorkerish humour. Unfortunately, it survived for only six months of 1937. Norah Smallwood was transferred to publishing proper, became secretary to one of the partners, and was trained in design and production. When war broke out two of the partners joined up and she was put in charge of that department.

For a beginner in the business, it was a great honour and a great challenge. Mrs. Smallwood recalls with a certain horror that, apart from the remaining partner, Mr. Harold Raymond, and herself, "There wasn't a soul in the building who knew the difference between one type-face and another." There were the problems of paper rationing to battle with, and it was difficult to get artists. When she could not get them, Mrs. Smallwood designed book jackets herself. She also wrote blurbs and looked after advertising and publicity. Her husband and brother were killed in the war.

One of the firm's great achievements that she worked on during that period was the uniform edition of Proust, brought out in twelve volumes in 1941. She designed the binding and worked with Enid Marx on that artist's brilliant jacket. Keeping established authors of that calibre in print during the years of paper rationing was an acute anxiety, particularly for a house with the vintage reputation of Chatto's. In their star-studded list of writers, Aldous Huxley alone accounted for more than twenty titles. The uniform Proust was out of print for most of the war. Since 1947, when it was re-issued, some 11,000 complete editions have been sold. One of the limited editions, bound in pale blue leather and illustrated by Philippe Jullian, has a place of honour in the shelves that line Mrs. Smallwood's office, opposite a wall hung with the original McKnight Kauffer design for the jacket of Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

In 1945, Mrs. Smallwood's war-time labours were rewarded in no uncertain fashion. She was made a partner, thus becoming probably the first woman to achieve such a distinction in publishing, apart from Virginia Woolf who founded the Hogarth Press with her husband. (Not long afterwards, she became the first woman to be asked to join the Publishers' Circle, the Athenæum of the trade.) The following year, Chatto and Windus took over the management of the Hogarth Press, and in 1947, when the firm became a limited company, she was made a director.

To-day there are five, of whom she is the most senior next to the Chairman, Mr. I. M. Parsons. Apart from sales, she is intimately associated with every department of the business, reads a large proportion of the 1,250 unsolicited manuscripts that come in each year—a task usually pursued "at two in the morning or in long-distance trains"—and spends most of her life outside the office talking of books, entertaining authors and attending the innumerable social functions of the trade.

Because she has been with the firm longer than all but one of her fellow directors, she has a particularly large circle of writers whose works she has seen through the presses, and with whom she keeps in touch on current or future projects. "A publisher is a father-figure to his authors: I enjoy being a mother-figure," she jokes. Her distinguished family includes Margaret Irwin, Anne Bridge, Margery Allingham and the Huxleys (all four); Richard Hughes, William Sansom, Sir Compton Mackenzie and Laurens van der Post; and, on the non-fiction side, Basil Willey, M. C. Bradbrook, E. M. W. Tillyard and F. R. Leavis. Many are personal friends. "Stimulating company," says Mrs. Smallwood, "and every book a new adventure. I advise everyone to go into publishing." Warm, humorous and sophisticated in the best sense, she is an impressive advocate.

QUEENS OF THE SEA

The *Empress of Canada* slides down the slipway, having been launched by Mrs. John Diefenbaker, the wife of the Canadian Prime Minister, at Vickers-Armstrongs' yard at Walker-on-Tyne. When the 27,000-ton liner comes into service in the spring of 1961 she will be the flagship of Canadian Pacific. Built at a cost of about £8,000,000 (the biggest dollar export order obtained by a British shipyard for nearly a quarter of a century), the *Empress of Canada* will have accommodation for 1,060 passengers. She will join her two sister ships, *Empress of Britain* and *Empress of England*, as the third post-war replacement on the Canadian Pacific express service between Liverpool and Canada

The longest liner in the world lies in the water of the Loire, at St. Nazaire. In the greatest event in French maritime history for many years, she was launched last week by Madame de Gaulle, who named her *France*. The new flagship of the French Line, the 60-70,000-ton liner is 1,035 ft. long and will cost about £27,000,000, of which the French Line is paying over £22,000,000. The rest will come from the French Government, providing the difference between the cost of building in a French yard and the estimated "international price." *France* will carry 2,000 passengers in two classes at a service speed of 31 knots on the Atlantic crossing, sailing twenty-three round trips a year. Built as the replacement of the *Normandie*, the *France* was on the stocks for two and a half years, and another two years will pass before she makes her maiden voyage

At the Unesco meeting, M. Berthoin (an ex-officio member of the Executive Board); Sir David Eccles; Prince Philip; Sir Ben Bowen Thomas (chairman); and Dr. Veronese (Director-General of Unesco)

At the luncheon, Dr. Mohamed Awad (U.A.R.) talks to Dame Mary Smieton (Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Education)

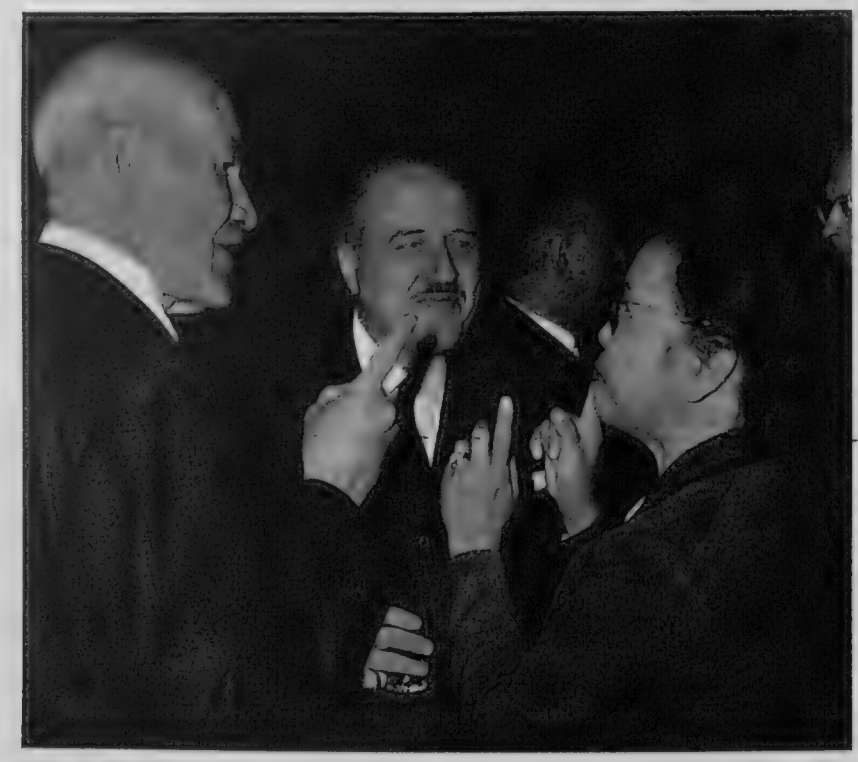
UNESCO

Delegates of the Executive Board in London

Recently the Executive Board of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation visited Britain for the first time since the organisation was set up at a meeting in London in 1945. During a conference at Church House, Westminster, the Board met the Unesco National Commission for Britain, which was reconstituted recently. (Commissions in the various member countries act as links with Unesco and carry out the programme of the organisation.) Presiding at the opening session of the conference, the Duke of Edinburgh said that no community could aspire to anything higher than an efficient, fair and humane system of government. He went on to say that "it is people as citizens, and not as specialists, humanists, or scientists, who are going to decide the fate of the world." The theme of the conference was Humanism and Technology, embracing educational, scientific and cultural aspects. Most of the delegates emphasised the need for the education of people as human beings; putting the view that ultimately there was no conflict between humanism and technology. A strong plea was made that the vast amount of material resources which are now being used in the arms race should be employed in the development of education, science and technology. During their stay, the delegates visited Harlow New Town and Cambridge and were entertained by the Royal Society and at the Royal Opera House.

Dr. S. M. Sharif (Secretary for Education, West Pakistan); Sir Ronald Adam (chairman, Executive Committee of the United Nations Association); Mrs. Gerónima Pecson (chairman, Unesco National Commission of the Philippines); Professor Paulo de Berredo Carneiro (permanent delegate of Brazil to Unesco). *Below:* Sir Ronald Adam, who is also a former chairman of the Executive Board, Dr. Veronese and Mrs. Gerónima Pecson

Dr. Martinez Cobo (delegate from Ecuador to the Unesco meeting), Senor Don Joaquin Perez Villanueva (the Spanish delegate) and Senor Villanueva's wife



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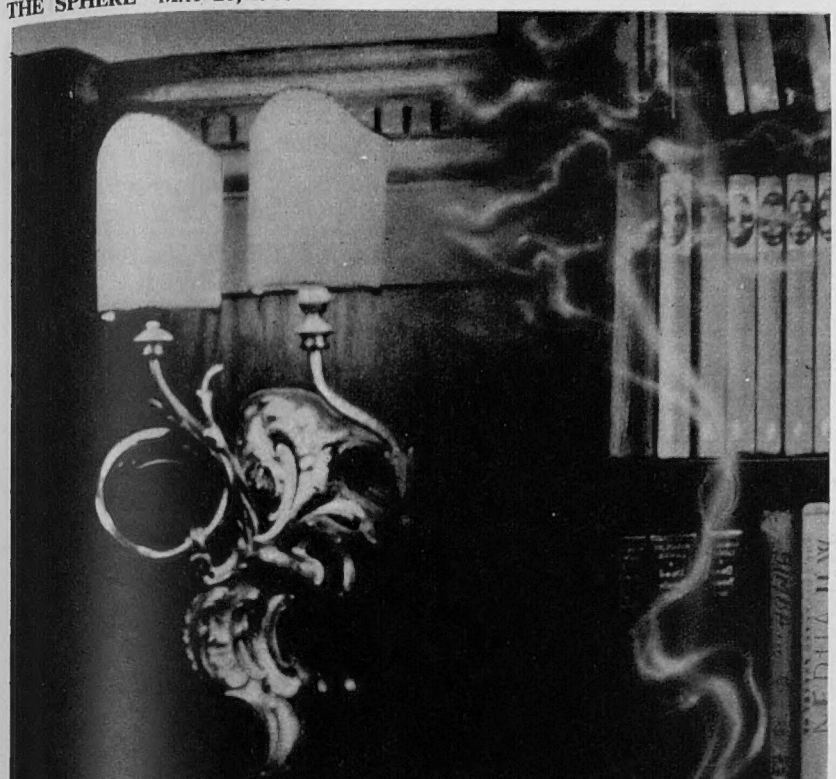

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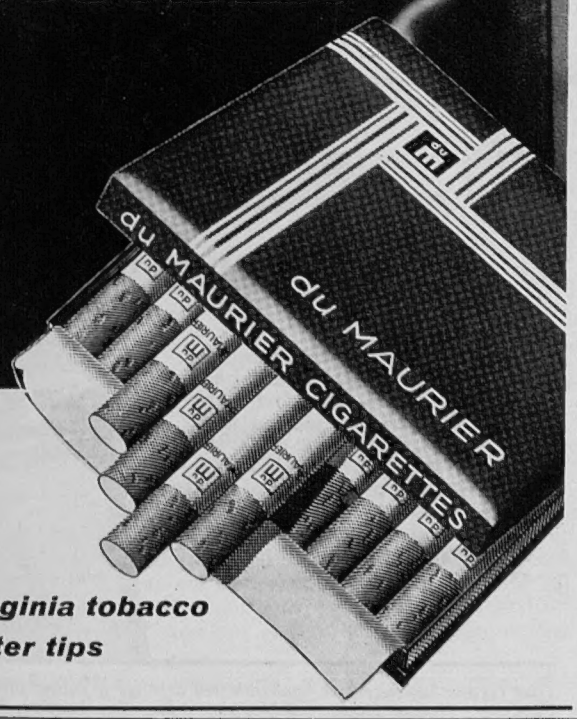

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

LUSH IS A WORD that is mainly used to define succulent meadowland. Yet we see no reason why it cannot be applied to hotels where one can be assured of deep contentment in mind and body. Such hotels are not necessarily five-star graded. On the contrary, they are more often than not smaller establishments, though it is difficult to draw the border-line between opulent and lush.

A few weeks back we happened on a hotel discovery new to us—*The Bell House Hotel and Restaurant*, SUTTON BENGER, near CHIPPENHAM. Mr. and Mrs. John Stratton, the resident owners of this attractive Wiltshire country house, claim that their *Bell House* is one of Britain's most luxuriously appointed small hotels. To us, it was *lush*.

Visit *The Bell House* for yourself—it will be found on the A.420 Oxford/Swindon Chippenham/Bath and Bristol road, four miles north-east of Chippenham. We feel that you will agree with us that the cuisine and cellar are quite outstanding.

Mrs. Stratton (who is French) buys only the best, supervises the kitchen and never leaves her responsibilities until the last meal has been served—in fact, "*La Patronne Soigne La Cuisine.*"

Mrs. Stratton is not only an artist in cuisinery but in furnishing and decor. Restaurant, club bar, drawing-room, ten bedrooms and bathrooms are furnished and decorated in excellent and exquisite taste.

Continuing our journey, we discussed other hotels where one could stay for a week or more in such deep contentment, and after much adding and subtracting we agreed that the following might qualify for the definition of lush. Here we must emphasise that none should be compared with another. Each has a distinctive individuality and their suitability for you are dependent on the hour, the mood, and the size of your purse. Nor are we recording them in any order of distinction.

MILTON DAMEREL, NORTH DEVON.—*Woodford Bridge Hotel.* For a restful holiday (trout fishing, if you like), a honeymoon, or convalescence, this hotel seems always to us a luscious dream come true. Perfect taste in decor and food, deliciously warm in winter, and with Commander and Mrs. Sholto Douglas as delightful and helpful hosts. The hotel lies on the Bideford/Holsworthy road, nine miles from the former. Weekly terms from 10 to 14 guineas, according to season. Tel.: Milton Damerel 252.

SHURDINGTON, near CHELTENHAM.—*Greenway Hotel and Club.* For a Cotswold holiday, here is bliss indeed. Set well back from the Cheltenham/Stroud road, Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Austen maintain at the highest level their standards in decor, detailed thought and catering. To this can be added a most delightful garden. Every bedroom (13 double, 3 single) has its private bathroom. Inclusive terms 3 guineas daily, and well worth it. Tel.: Shurdington 352.

WADDINGTON, near CLITHEROE.—*Eaves Hall Hotel.* Memories are indeed succulent of this handsome Georgian house on the Lancashire/Yorkshire borderland, and credit must be given to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Pearson, who impregnate this well-proportioned house with a sense of friendly contentment. Every public room and bedroom is so livable, the surrounding gardens and glass-houses are a sheer delight and the catering is of a type that to go out for a single meal is quite repugnant. Inclusive terms from 45s. a day, according to season. Bedrooms, 19 double, 9 single (private bathrooms 3). Tel.: Clitheroe 561.

Turning our thoughts southwards again we conjured up in our minds the sun-blessed seaside village of St. Mawes, in the Roseland Peninsula of South Cornwall. Here, in a setting of waving palms and sub-tropical foliage, *Tresanton* is a most worthy member of our collection of lush hotels. Consisting of two houses, Tresanton and Avalon, linked together by a terraced garden, both buildings have been furnished and decorated with infinite taste. You may sleep, or sip cocktails, in Tresanton, dine in the petite restaurant of Avalon, or bask in the privacy of the terraced gardens. It is *all* deliciously lush. The accommodation consists of 14 double rooms, 9 single, 10 with private bathrooms, and the summer terms range from 55s. to 105s. daily. Tel.: St. Mawes 322 and 357.

On our magic carpet of thought we then plotted course for the Bournemouth area, touching down on the fairway of the 18-hole Ferndown Golf Course, and via the garden-gate entered our next choice—*The Dormy Hotel*, FERNDOWN, DORSET.

We find it difficult to curb our enthusiasm for this pleasantly located hotel on the Ferndown/Bournemouth road—half-a-mile off the busy east-west A.31—for in appointments, appearance and in smooth-running efficiency it would be hard to fault.

Set back from the road in 7 acres of unusually well-kept grounds, every aspect is pleasing. We always like the country-house atmosphere of the several lounges, the scent of log fires in winter, and the perfume of spring flowers ahead of the season.

In the same neighbourhood and, in fact, on the Bournemouth/Ferndown/Ringwood/Romsey road, you will come to a roadside hotel which fits admirably into our present theme, *The Compton Arms* at STONEY CROSS, in the heart of the New Forest.

We know of few similar roadside hotels so opulently and so happily furnished. A number of bedrooms have private baths, two suites have their private sitting-room. All are close carpeted and individually furnished, and a detailed thought is a thermos jug for a hot beverage or iced water by one's bedside. The three outstanding features of our stay there one cold night in March were the warmth that assailed us on entering the cheerful environment of the restaurant, cocktail bar and corridors, and the West End standards of cuisine and service. An excellent example, too, of experienced and interested management.

Here, in the deep comfort of this elegant inn, we must draw down the curtain.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

CHELTENHAM, Glos. ELLENBOROUGH HOTEL
Centrally yet quietly situated, this long-established family hotel will appeal to those appreciative of their creature comforts in a friendly and efficient environment. Tel.: 2571.

CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly positioned hotel, fully licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Own farm produce. Tel.: Connel 202.

NR. DOLGELLEY, N. WALES. BONTDDU HALL HOTEL
One of the best-run hotels in Wales. The new Gourmet Room has a view to match the admirable cooking. Informal dancing. Cocktail bar. Golf, Bathing.

Nr. EDINBURGH, Gullane. GREYWALLS
A charming Lutyens house within easy reach of city, facing Muirfield Links. Lovely garden. Tennis court. Interesting catering. Licensed. Tel.: Gullane 2144.

FALMOUTH. GREENBANK HOTEL
For spring sunshine, for summer sailing, choose this hotel with its comfortable nautical atmosphere, situated on the water's edge of Falmouth Harbour. First-class food and service, and genial climate. Tel.: 440.

GROUVILLE, JERSEY, C.I. THE LINKS HOTEL (1st Reg.)
Golf, sands, sun and sea bathing in a delightfully quiet setting. Write Major F. R. Le Sueur, Resident Owner.

NR. HERSTMONCEUX, Sussex. WHITE FRIARS
An hotel of quiet distinction for restful week-ends or early holidays (convenient for sea, golf, riding). Buttery open to non-residents. Tel.: 3299.

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on this tiny island of **HERM** will attract you. Just sands, sea and complete serenity. Curious? Then write Alex Wood, Resident Owner, Herm Island, C.I.

JERSEY, C.I. HOTEL AMBASSADEUR (1st Reg.) A.A. ****
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in a sheltered, sunny, woodland setting, has an all-season appeal for family holidays, golf and recuperation. Tel.: 294.

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